Glastonbury Festival 25-26-27 June

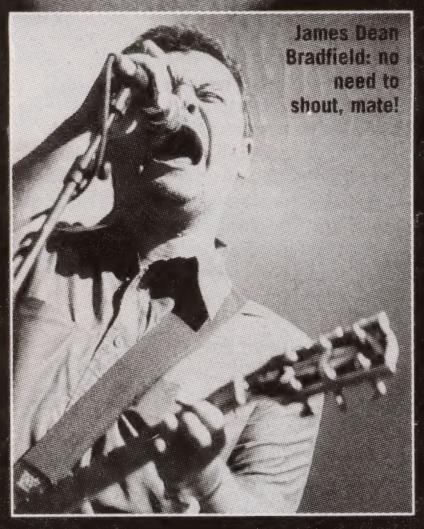
# HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN...

URI Geller, you're a bloody hero! Yes, after two years of unrelenting mud and misery, it took a professional spoon-bender (and, of course, your super, soaraway Melody Maker) to deliver blazing hot sunshine and, as a direct consequence, the sort of Glastonbury we were beginning to believe only existed in dreams. But no, the sun had his hat on, The Kids came out to play and it was hip-hip-hip-hooray all the way.

Of course, it wasn't *all* about the weather. No, there were also fantastic, life-affirming performances from everyone from REM and Hole to Manic Street Preachers and Younger Younger 28's; the sight of people like Jarvis, Thom Yorke and Zoe'n'Fatboy hanging out backstage; plus the usual mind-boggling activities on the festival fringe. Even the odd shower (Uri had obviously popped out for a pint at this point) couldn't steal the sun from our hearts.

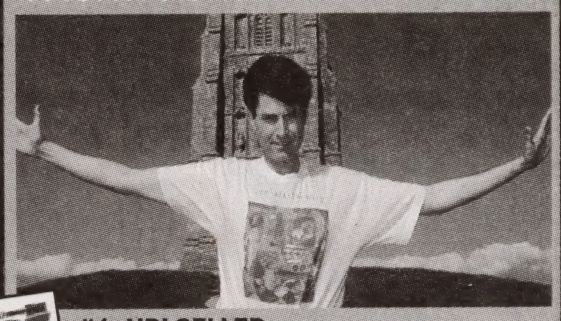
And, over 12 pages, Melody Maker is proud to present the definitive record of the best Glastonbury in years. All the above – and much, much more – is brought to you by the overjoyed and sunburnt Maker massive. Apply some after-sun, chuck your jester's hat in the bin where it belongs, and enjoy.

And, oh yes, before you ask: don't worry, we've already booked Uri for next year...



James Dean Bradfield: no need to shout, mate!

## TALKING ON SUNSHINE



Last week's Maker cover

### #1: URI GELLER
### SPOON-BENDING SUN GOD

**Hello, Uri?**

"Hello? Hello? I can't hear you... Where... Hello? Hello!"

**Hello, Uri. Thanks for helping us with the weather.**

"That's OK! I knew it was going to work, I felt it would be a success, and it was!"

**Now, Uri, there was a little rain on Saturday. Why?**

"Ah yes, I know about that. Well, it was only for a short while, and I had a feeling that it'd rain."

**When did you get the feeling?**

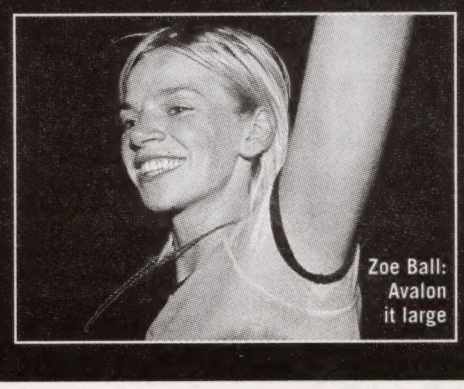
"Saturday."

**Finally, how did you feel when the psychic connection was made on the Thursday?**

"It felt brilliant – and I'll tell you what, so many of your readers have e-mailed me about it! Hello? ... Hello? I can't..."

*(Mobile cuts out)*

**If you'd like to thank Uri, e-mail him at urigeller@compuserve.com**

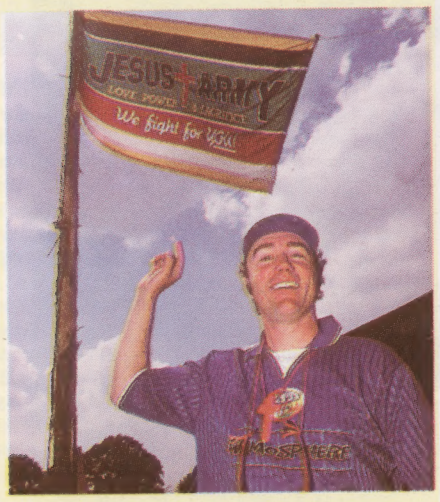


Zoe Ball: Avalon it large

## TALKING ON SUNSHINE

**#2: JAYNE MIDDLEMISS**
**GEORDIE INDIE DAME**

**Are you having a good time?**
"Totally. I'm chilling today and working tomorrow. Can I have a look at the picture? *(Studies developing Polaroid ruefully)* Urgh, I look like a twat!"




**#3: TIM**
**JESUS ARMY FREEDOM FIGHTER**

**Are you having a good time?**
"Yeeeesssss. This tent is for people to find some space. Some headspace. And friendship, love and peace."

Liz: 'Hey! I wanted a needle'

# TATTOO'S COMPANY

**What festival would be complete without an embarrassing tattoo? We give YOUNGER YOUNGER 28'S some 'body art'**

"EEEURGH!" shouts the Younger Younger 28's' singer Joe Northern. "It's all sticky, it feels like I've come on myself or something!"

Don't worry, children, there's nothing untoward happening here. It's just that, in the spirit of Glastonbury, and the grand tradition of marking your body with ink to stand out from the crowd, the band have decided to get tattoos, according to which best suits the character of each individual band member. An earlier idea had been to ram bits of metal through their faces, but due to a new, improved, more hygienic festival, traders are banned from piercing or giving real tattoos to the punters.

"Can I get a spread eagle on my manly chest?" asks keyboard player GI Jimmy D, displaying a chest so white and hairless that it's nearly blue.

After locating the Body Art Co, run by a man in a retina-burning yellow suit and a dapper tin-foil hat, they all gather around a board showing the pictures available, from stern-looking Vikings to pretty butterflies. After much debate, Liz goes for two dolphins leaping gracefully over each other, on her upper arm. Andi gets a fierce dragon on her unfeasibly thin, tanned and toned belly, and then instructs Jimmy to go for a coy-looking Tweetie Pie on the aforementioned "manly" pectorals. Joe eventually plumps for the world's tackiest British bulldog, refusing point blank to get a painted tattoo ("they last too long") and taking the big girl's option of a stick-on version. "I just want that one because it is so horrible," he grimaces. "I don't like tattoos anyway, so you might as well get the worst one possible."

Tatts ooh! (l-r) Liz, Andi, Jimmy and Joe

hand painted tattoo fx

Joe is posing the biggest problem, due to a massive excess of body hair getting in the way. In the end, he has to abandon his plan to decorate his forearm, or plan B, his chest (which is so thick with foliage it looks like a Brazilian rainforest), and ends up using the baldest part of his body that's on display, his inner arm. The resulting tatt, combined with the scar on his chin, makes him look like the kind of person you'd expect to meet down dark alleyways with a baseball bat and a psychotic gleam in the eye.

So how does each tattoo represent its new owner? Younger Younger 28's reconvene on the grass to compare their newly decorated bodies.

"They tell a lot about each of us," giggles Liz, twisting her dolphin pendant between her fingers. "I'm obsessed with dolphins because they're so beautiful. Andi's says she's obsessed with her boyfriend James."

"So what's that tattoo got to do with him?" asks Joe, pointing at the mythical beast elaborately decorated in her stomach. "Has he got really bad breath like a dragon or something?"

"No!" protests Andi. "He was born in the Chinese year of the dragon."

Well, both explanations seem fairly rational, but why was Jimmy so suited to a lispy little canary?

"It's cos he's in a world of his own," says Joe. "It looks a bit like him."

"It's because I'm a sweetie!" insists Jimmy.

"And Joe's tattoo is cos he's dead hard!" laughs Andi, pointing at Joe's growling Union Jack puppy.

The two girls are throwing themselves wholeheartedly into the Glasto experience, spending the whole weekend on-site, planning an excursion up to the healing fields to witness didgeridoo-aided stress relief and the Hare Krishna catering service (orange dresses optional).

"It's a shame they've banned body piercing," says Andi. "I really wanted to get the top of my ear done."

The blokes are less enthusiastic about sticking around.

"I've got to get back for my dog," says Jimmy worriedly. "They won't let them on-site and she'd not been very well, but she's better now."

Joe's off as soon as possible, too.

"I've never been to a festival before this," he says. "Too many people for my liking. Yeah, I wanna go back to my loneliness and isolation and wallow in my own self-pity. I know how to do that, I just don't know how to mingle."

The band made their Glastonbury debut on the Main Stage, a fact that Liz and Andi are still excited about.

"Apparently," begins Jimmy, looking at Liz, "they showed you up on the big main screen, and everyone could see you turn to Andi and go, 'F***ing hell, we're playing Glastonbury!' in between every f***ing song."

"It's definitely the earliest I've ever played, by about eight hours," says Jimmy. "So I thought everyone would stay asleep in their tents, but there were loads there."

And with that Liz, remembering their "rock ending", attempts a devil salute, which somehow morphs into the sign Brownies use at the end of their meetings. Confused, tattooed and rocking. They should fit in here just fine.

**EMMA JOHNSTON**

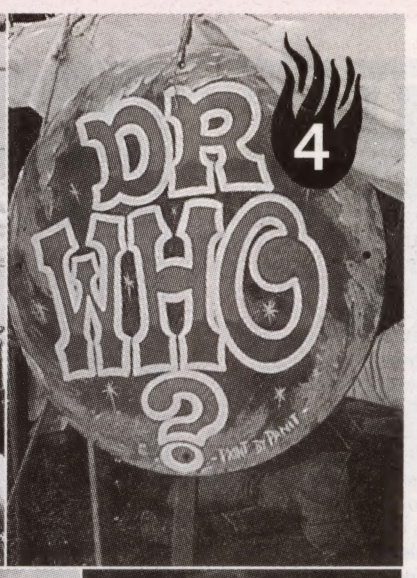
# THE MAN IN THE WIRE MASK

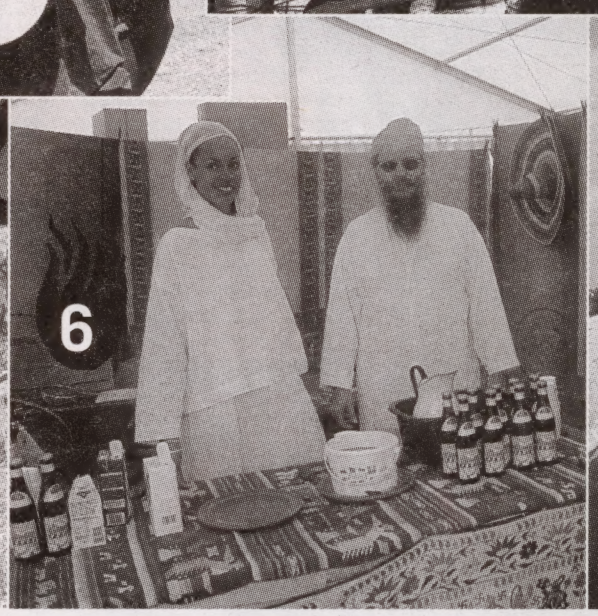
## HOW REALISTIC IS THE MAKER'S NICKY MANIC MASK?

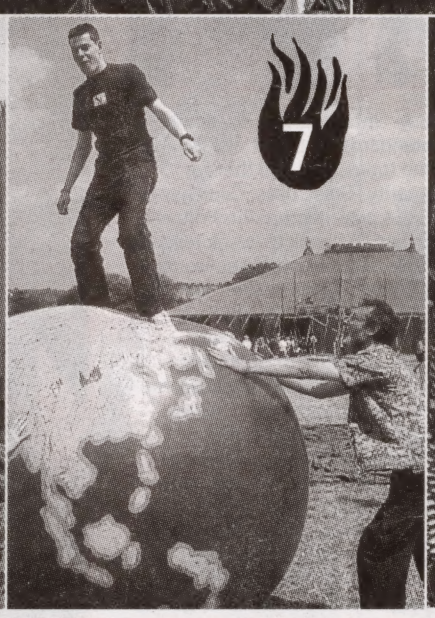
**Nicky Wire may not be King Sociable, but there's no more famous face in Festivalworld. He'd have no trouble entering the backstage area, attracting the adulation of fans and sending press, punters and pie-sellers into paroxysms of delight. So, what better way to test the authenticity of our Nicky Wire mask (free with last week's Maker) than to kit ourselves out Wire-style and try to convince the gullible public that it's the real thing.**

◀ **EXCITING THE FANS**
"Nicky! Nicky! You're so gorgeous, you're so fine, let us touch you, let us have our photo taken with you!" OK, superfans Rachel Cartwright and Sarah Alsop from Hereford are fully aware that this Maker Faker is not the real Nicky Wire, but they are good enough sports to have their photo taken with the ersatz Nicky.

◀ **DECEIVING THE PRESS TENT**
Would the eager beavers that write about our stars rush out and quiz our man of the moment? Frankly, no. Tired old hacks are far too aware of what stars look like, they know that Nicky would never approach them and they are far too interested in drinking lighter fluid to either notice or give a damn.





# MY GLASTO HELL

**OK, so the weather was better this year, but there were still myriad ways for Glastonbury to bring you misery. As our hapless correspondent found out...**

**AT some point in the past, a bloke called Dante reckoned there were eight layers of Hell. Wrote something about it, apparently. Anyway, several centuries later, he was reincarnated as Michael Eavis and, equipped with a further 12,437 layers of Hell through which to cast doom upon the World, he founded the Glastonbury Festival. Yet there remain a Top Eight layers of Hell, and here they are, as tradition dictates, in reverse order of evilness.**

**1 THE LAYER OF THE DIY HENNA TATTOO**

After pissing in several hedges and making my paid-in-full, £90-for-a-weekend-so-I-might-as-well mark on Glastonbury, I suffer a brief moment of moral clarity and decide that Glastonbury must make its mark on me in the form of a DIY Michael Eavis henna tattoo crafted by the most artistically inept member of the Melody Maker Glasto crew. The end result could either be a quite persistent teabag stain or a Turin Shroud-style impression of Michael Eavis' face, but it is neither. It is simply a shit DIY henna f***-up.

**HELL RATING: 150/666**

**2 THE LAYER OF ACOUSTIC HIPPIEDOM**

Dean Cox from, inevitably, Swindon entertains us with a dreadful and probably jailable rendition of "Wonderwall", with the lyrics consisting in their entirety of *"Have a nice day, have a nice day"*. "I'm staying in the Krishna tent," he reveals, unwittingly leading us to a man with illegal eyebrows named Adi Guru who refuses to have his photo taken until he's hidden his wallet.

**HELL RATING: 259/666**

**3 THE LAYER OF THE £5 £5 £5 £5 LOUD LOUD HAT STALL**

The most well-established of all Glastonbury Hell layers, this may be the final year for the £5 £5 £5 £5 Loud Loud Hat Stall, which from next year must be known as the 35 Euro 35 Euro 35 Euro 35 Euro Reasonably Noisy Head Fashion Retail Outlet. Either that or it will be closed! Closed! Closed forever – ha ha ha! And quite right too. This disgrace should be banned outright.

**HELL RATING: 433/666**

**4 THE LAYER OF SCI-FI WANKERDOM**

And so to the inevitable "Dr Who" tent, the main features of which appear to be (a) some people on the ground, and (b) a shite, prehistoric telly which may or may not be black and white, depending on whether the episode of "Doctor Who" in question is itself black and white. What appear to be a pair of tea crates painted blue fail to pass as a Tardis. Sylvester McCoy was always the best Dr, anyway. Don't these fools understand? Don't they? Don't they get it? What a waste of time.

**HELL RATING: 444/666**

**5 THE LAYER OF WOOL RENOVATION**

Forget REM and the Manics, anyone who's anyone will be staring slack-jawed at this feat of engineering at some point over the weekend, where sheep's fleece is magically turned into some wool! Like f***, they will. So it's "natural"? So, around these parts, is incest. I rest my case. In any case, the wool is rubbish (ie I keep breaking the thread, though that's not as rubbish as breaking the wheel and falling off my stool), and I decide it is time to leave.

**HELL RATING : 512/666**

**6 THE LAYER OF YOGI TEA SALESPERSONS**

Essentially, this healthy beverage consists of two ingredients, namely pepper and water. So that's "healthy" in much the same way that a sperm is healthy, on account of its protein value. Have I spent the weekend guzzling sperm? No I have not. Am informed by man with beard named Bhai Himat Singh that a special "Women's Tea" would help with my menstrual cycle. Fortunately, after three days together, all male members of The Maker's Glasto team are now synchronised anyway. Vile drink. Eighty per cent left undrunk.

**HELL RATING: 570/666**

**7 THE LAYER OF OUTSIZED BEACHBALLS MASQUERADING AS ENTERTAINMENT**

Jesus Christ. So here I am on top of a big balloon in an attempt to have "fun" or get into the "Glastonbury Spirit". What a load of old arse. It only lasts for 12 seconds and then I fall off. If I want that kind of experience, I'll purchase five Pure Gold Energy Blasts from the Legal Highs stall and at least then I won't end up with a skid of green f***ing grass on my trainers. They call this fun, do they? Call it "interesting"? Bollocks. Bollocks. Bollocks.

**HELL RATING: 608/666**

**8 THE LAYER OF WITCHDOM PRESENTED AS POPULAR MUSIC (THAT'S "THE CORRS" TO YOU AND ME)**

No matter how many beachballs one might fall off, or how many cups of diluted pepper one might drink, or how many hippies one might encounter, and no matter how legendary Glastonbury might be for its "mystical" "otherworldliness", nothing can quite prepare you for a set from these crones. Hell! Hell! I am now in Hell! Etc.

**HELL RATING: 666/666**

**PETER ROBINSON**

**◀ SNEAKING INTO THE DRESSING ROOMS**

"Don't you know who I am?" Apparently not. All us stars look the same. "Well, would you have your photo taken with me?" That too is a bridge too far. The security guard takes several minutes to be cajoled into having his mug snapped with "Nicky Wire" and by no means will let us backstage. F***ing jobsworth.

**◀ CONFUSING THE PAPARAZZI**

Photographers are the hyenas of the media pack. True to fashion, the assembled Glastonbury smudges circle our Wire lookalike and harass him for snaps. After obliging the frenzy, we made our excuses and left.

**◀ BLAGGING FREE PIES**

"I'm Nicky Wire from the Manics and I want some free pies for my mate James. He gets very hungry." The Welsh pie-server refused and confessed to never having heard of Nicky Wire. However, fan Tony Cook from Bargoed jumped up at the sight of Nicky and waved his Welsh flag about. Result! Someone is truly fooled. The mask rules!

**BEN CLANCY**

# FRIDAY, WE'RE

## MAIN STAGE

Paul Heaton puts the 'South' into The Beautiful South

HOW cruel. They look a bit like Abba, they sound a bit like Abba and yet tragically **BJORN AGAIN** aren't Abba, and nothing can ever erase that fact. The tunes are here, but the passion is replaced by fun, and the dark heart has been hollowed out and stuffed with tinsel.

**BARENAKED LADIES** are similarly a jester's hat among bands. The best you can say about them is that they're eager to please – which is not quite as damning as it sounds. Rarely will you see a band who do so much to get around the fact that their songs are a big pack of shit. They drag a security guard onstage to strum guitar to The Kinks' "You Really Got Me", they perform a medley of songs by Britney Spears, Celine Dion, Fatboy Slim and The Offspring, plus of course their own bad funk and worse hip-hop.

**BLONDIE**, however, show how it should be done. "Call Me" totters a bit like the grand dame herself on her scarlet stilettos, but it still exudes a fierce charisma, and by "Hanging On The Telephone" the last 20 years are crushed squealing against the stage wall. She's still got a voice like ice-cream glazed with cyanide, glass and cherry sauce. This is entertainment – froth that kicks like the Angel Falls. **BUSH** take note (see below).

Sometimes, though, you can't have everything. **HOLE** give us the performance of the day. Unfortunately, musical standards drop, but never mind the tunes, just feel the star quality. These days, Courtney is like a post-necrophilia Princess Di coming back to wreak revenge on a celebrity-obsessed world. "Pretty On The Inside" still spits acid, but "Malibu" and "Celebrity Skin" are more representative of where Hole are now; "Malibu" in particular sounds ropy, but the image is the thing – lip-gloss with a forcefield of self-confidence and power. The kids who make it up onstage sit down behind her like prisoners of war, the guy who requests the butterfly wings off her back has them delivered in person, while her security guards flounder unhappily in her wake. It's more like a meet'n'greet than a gig – Courtney's become a kind of semi-benevolent dictator; Chairman Mao in hot pants, butterfly wings and a pink bikini top.

Hole's Courtney: Love unlimited

### WHAT'S MORE INTERESTING? BUSH... OR A BUSH?

5.05pm: Bush say: "Hello, we're Bush, nice to see you."
The bush says nothing, waiting for the rains that will inevitably come and wash all the scum into the topsoil... feeding its roots and giving it an inexplicable urge for Topics every night around midnight. The bush is more interesting.

5:36pm: Bush say, "It's nice to see the sun out", and use it as an excuse to play another leaden, pseudo-profound lump of wannabe Americana.
The bush also thinks it's nice to see the sun out and uses its energy to grow bigger and stronger – through the freaky magic of photosynthesis. The bush is considerably more interesting.

6:00pm: Bush play their "hit" "Swallow". The bush just sits there like last year and the year before, only in not quite so much mud. The bush, I'm afraid, is more interesting.

There should be a veterans' circuit for bands – like you get in golf and tennis. **THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH** wouldn't look out of place there at all. They come on to the ringing sounds of "La Marseillaise", chests puffed out. With the magnificent sound of "Old Red Eyes Is Back" as an intro, things look very promising. Paul Heaton twirls and shuffles like an unusually nimble dancing bear and appears to be in magnificent form. That's the root of their problem. When the attention's on Heato, The Beautiful South are a good band: dry, clever but with an underrated passion and vitriol. But the rest of them are just over-promoted session musicians. Maybe it's time Paul found more challenging partners to work with. Either that or reform The Housemartins.

Michael Stipe's image as a kind of secular saint seems to be going to his head. Repeatedly he blesses us, with a mixture of Baz Luhrmann be-good-to-yourself hokum and seize-the-day rhetoric. Still you can forgive **REM** anything, because this set is a great reminder that they have many, many beautiful songs. First, though, it's glam-rock with Michael twisting and writhing like a snake trapped in a feather boa to "Lotus" and "What's The Frequency Kenneth?". But it's the sequence of "The One I Love", "Sweetness Follows", "At My Most Beautiful", "Losing My Religion" and "Everybody Hurts" that breaks the emotional bank. They might have let things slip since their "Automatic For The People" peak, but this reaffirms their position as one of the bands of the Nineties.

**TREVOR BAKER**

REM's Michael Stipe: send for the man in the white coat!

### TALKING ON SUNSHINE

**#4: JARVIS COCKER**
**SKINNY KING NERD**

**Are you having a good time?**
"The karaoke was great. Did you hear me? Was I great?"

# HOW TO HAVE SEX AT GLASTO!

**Always first to pose the big questions of the day, we ask: where do you go to have SEX at Glastonbury?**

ROCK'N'ROLL and drugs get all the publicity, but isn't there supposed to be something else as well? We sent two brazen shag monsters, who shall remain strictly anonymous, out into the "field" to find out...

Sex with pants on? It must have been good...

### 1 THE STONE CIRCLE
**HIM:** "Apparently, Bez claims his kid was conceived on one of these stones – it's a fertility thing and it's also f***ing uncomfortable."
**HER:** "It's fine for hippy-dippy moonbeam romance. But for practical shag appeal and comfort, definitely not. Too many people around, too many pervs! Bring a cushion!"
**RATING:** 16/69

### 2 THE TENT
**HIM:** "Practicality, comfort and the added bonus of discretion..."
**HER:** "Unless, of course, you're a bit of a screamer!"
**HIM:** "I hate to be boring, but this was probably my favourite. It's a bit different, but not too different – you're out of the house, but you've still got walls, which is important I think. Exhibitionism isn't really my thing."
**HER:** "No, I'm sorry, you might as well be at home. And our tent's too small, anyway. I almost had the tent going down on me when I banged the pole with my feet."
**HIM:** "I'm sorry, do you think you could rephrase that?"
**RATING:** 58/69

### 3 INSIDE THE MELODY MAKER BUS
**HER:** "It's a bit smelly, and I get the feeling I'm being watched."
**HIM:** "This is OK, but I'm a bit worried about who's been here before us..."
**RATING:** 31/69

### 4 HEALING FIELDS
**HIM:** "There were a lot of naked men around here earlier."
**HER:** "Naked men are very healing."
**HIM:** "It's a good place to visit if she says she's got a headache. But basically it's just a field. To be honest, when you've shagged in one field surrounded by tents and patchouli oil, you've shagged in them all."
**HER:** "I don't think we did it justice to be honest – too much of a rush. This is more of a nurturing, caring kind of place. It's even more hippie-esque than the stones. But there are just too many people around."
**RATING:** 28/69

### 5 TOILET
**HIM:** "This is seriously top-shelf stuff – the sleaziest thing you could ask a human being to do."
**HER:** "No, no, no. I feel very bad about this – this is not a turn-on. What kind of people do you think we are?"
**HIM:** "The smell alone would corrode the latex of your condom – very wilting, if you know what I mean."
**HER:** "We tried, honestly. But no!"
**RATING:** 0/69

# IN LOVE

Kula Shaker's Crispian Mills: showering his guff on us

## THE OTHER STAGE and THE NEW TENT

Gomez: bringing it on

**LAST** year, the field in front of The Other Stage was a slurry pit of mud, misery and despair. This year, though, basking in extreme heat is an option. Which is why **DOVES**' doomy, melancholic rock seems oddly out of place. The effect is jarring, and brings out the first of the weekend's goths. Defying the first-band-on-the-bill syndrome, they manage to draw a respectable-sized bleary-eyed audience from their tents, unlike **MOKE** who follow them, putting a lot of energy into a show for a tiny audience. And they even risk decimating that by introducing a "cheeky little jazz number". Thankfully they're lying, coming from the Rage Against The Machine school of rocky, shouty choruses, without the *"F*** you, I won't do what you tell me"* bollocks.

The New Tent is Indie Central, embodied by **MUSE**, who are introduced by the singer from Helen Love. Muse are loud and sinister, and sound like they should be played over the credits at the end of a film. It's all feedback, crunching guitars and plaintive vocals, and makes all your internal organs scramble up like an egg.

Meanwhile on The Other Stage, **EVERLAST** is *screaming* something apparently along the lines of *"You ain't nothing but a sandwich"*. Despite the fact that we are expected to approach white blokes playing hip-hop with some trepidation (f*** off, Eminem), he infuses it with redneck bullishness, country and blues, rather than trying to be something he's not.

Still on The Other Stage, **HEATHER NOVA**'s backing band rock, especially the girl on bass, who coolly employs all the best moves. Heather herself, however, squawks like Alanis Morissette's offspring crossed with an injured parrot. Hiding away from her in the New Bands Tent, **DAVID GRAY** is drumming up a joyous party atmosphere. He looks and moves like Joe 90, but sounds like an upbeat folky without the nasal whine that often seems to come with the territory.

On The Other Stage, **GAY DAD** are beginning the first of the day's brace of performances. Ignore the fact that they've been written off as a good advertising campaign. Cliff Jones, in his pink top, familiar trademark haystack hairstyle and perfect rock poses (which have surely been practised in the mirror with a tennis racket and a hairbrush), is a f***ing star. In realising that to be a pop star you have to be arrogant, preening and sometimes a bit of a dickhead in interviews, he has made the cries of "Hype!" seem irrelevant. The crowd, though, are divided on the issue. Half strain towards the stage, cheering with adoration. The other half resolutely holler, "F*** off!" with equal intensity. Defiantly gazing at his surroundings, Jones flicks a limp wrist at his detractors and yells: "Don't worry, folks, Gay Dad are f***ed, we'll be over by Christmas."

In the New Tent, Creation's latest hope, **ONE LADY OWNER**, are less than glamorous, but there is always the appeal of using bongos and xylophones to fall back on. Over on The Other Stage, **dEUS** are keeping the audience amused during a technical glitch by doing a little dance and walking on their hands. The instant **WILCO** appear, a voice from the crowd pipes up with a cry of: "Bring dEUS back, who gives a shit about Wilco anyway?", to which the instant reply from the other side of the audience is: "Billy Bragg does." Bragg has a lot to answer for. While there is nothing actually wrong with Wilco, their plugged-in country music and workmanlike attitude just isn't that interesting.

**PAVEMENT** reveal where Blur got their post-"The Great Escape" identity from, and their aimless, raw meanderings are punctuated with a fantastic line in shouting. In the New Bands Tent, **BUILT TO SPILL** are making a noise you'd expect Mogwai's dads to come up with; long, feedback-filled songs with abrupt endings, but still finding the time for lyrics. The singer is rapidly losing hair from his head and gaining it on his chin, and as a result looks like the Billy Crystal of the rock world.

**GOMEZ**, on The Other Stage, still look like a gang of students who've decided on a trip to Glastonbury, but the sound they make is closer to a New Orleans old-timer with a brand new sampler.

The New Tent ends on a high, with **GAY DAD**'s second gig of the day culminating in Cliff Jones berating a less-than-impressed rock hack for their attitude towards the band. "Voice of a f***ing generation," scoffs Cliff. "F***er!"

The Other Stage fares less well, with even the hippies running to the hills after **KULA SHAKER** come to spoil it all. They include a Hawkwind cover. This band must be banished for the good of the public. The result is that the day doesn't go out with a bang as it should, but with an embarrassed snigger.

**EMMA JOHNSTON**

Gay Dad's Cliff Jones: taking the L, S, T, O, N, B, U and R out of Glastonbury

## TALKING ON SUNSHINE



### #5: EZEKIEL and FAKIR
**CIRCUS PERFORMING LOONIES**

**Are you having a good time?**
**Ezekiel:** "Of course. Heat is better than cold. The sun is better than mud."
**Fakir:** "Come and watch us later! I'm having a water melon sliced in half off my back by someone with a Samurai sword. Don't be scared."

## TENT OF THE DAY

**LORNA and STEPHEN (both 21), both from PETERBOROUGH**

**TELL US ABOUT YOUR TENT...**
**LORNA:** "We painted our tent in fluorescent colours because we need to meet friends. The galactic design fitted in with being spotted at night. Sadly, we got spotted by the wrong people on Wednesday after we pitched up. Two boys burst into our tent at two in the morning, shone torches in our faces and shouted: "Drugs raid!"
**STEPHEN:** "Yeah, then they grabbed our stuff, including our train tickets home, and ran off. We've got a spare tent which we're using as a storage cupboard, but they didn't steal anything from there."

## NUTTER OF THE DAY

The staff of Tiny from Ultrasound's local launderette

# EVERYTHING MUST

## MAIN STAGE

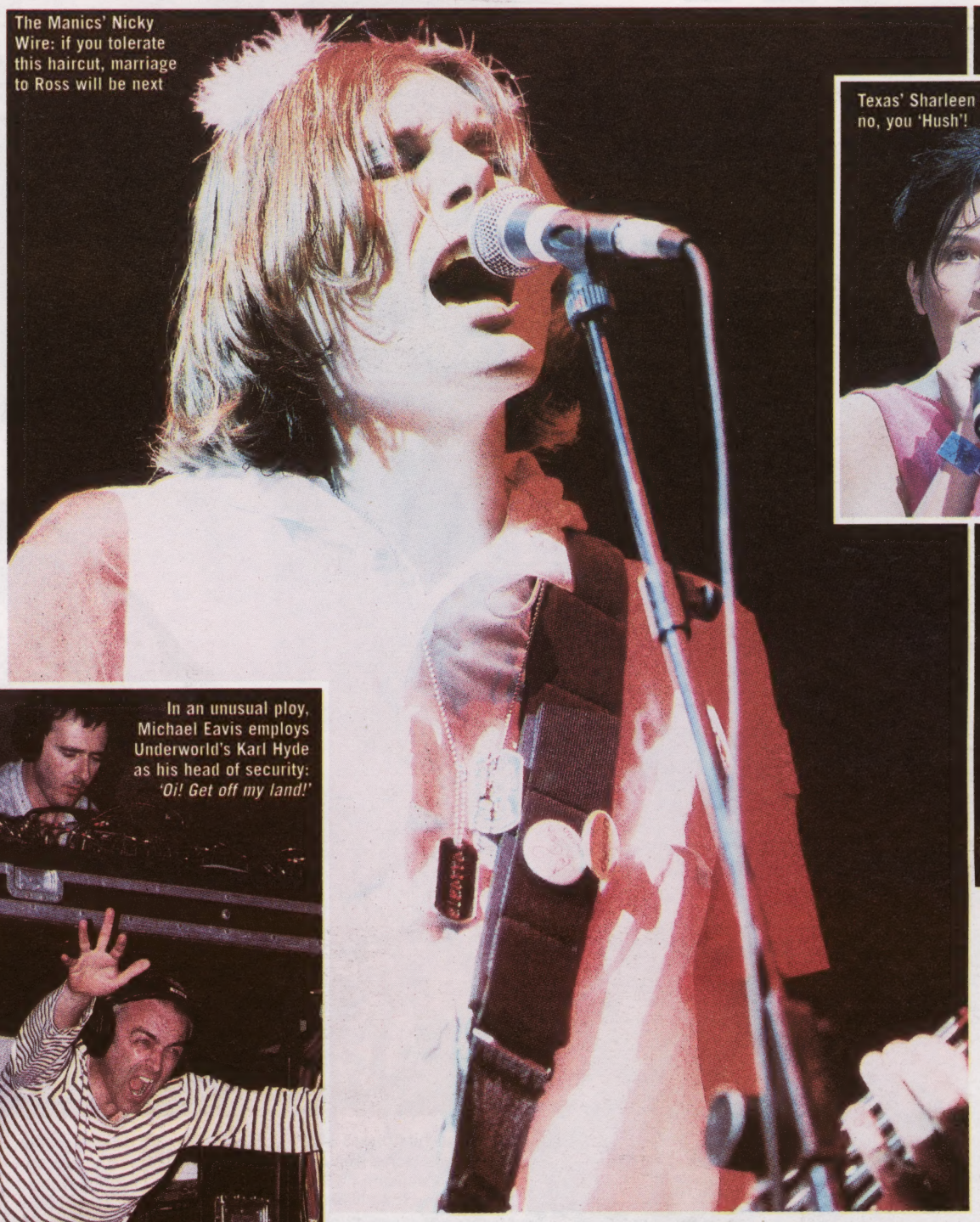
THEY may be the first band on the bill, but if **YOUNGER YOUNGER 28'S** had been the first band on "The Bill", they'd be the loveable scrotes that make life Hell for Burnside, or whoever's in it these days; punching, kicking, screaming, resisting arrest from the henna'd hand of hippiedom. It may take a crane, 300 yards of wire and a bloke named Ron to suspend the slack-jawed disbelief of major pockets of this audience, but the set already sounds like a greatest hits show and "Next Big Thing" punctures the droning monotony of Glasto bilge that immediately follows.

Not something that could be said for **BILLY BRAGG**, beige incarnate, whose nasal bleats celebrate most that is wrong with Glastonbury, and it's hardly any better when the racket makes way for the thrilling presence of **BETH ORTON**. Her largely dreadful set is punctuated by brief moments of relief in the unpleasant form of a scarlet woman (sunburnt, not a prostitute) 10 feet away hollering, "Noooooooo!", whenever a song begins.

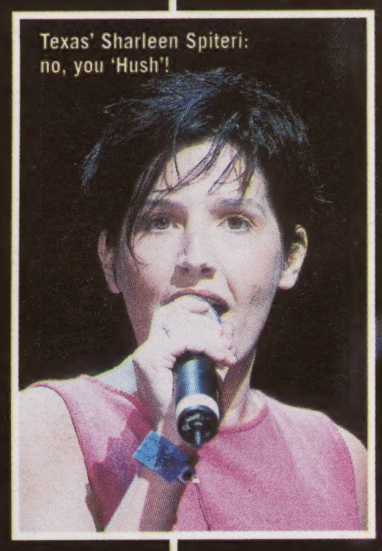
So hello here! It's little **JOE STRUMMER** popping his head about the parapet of virtual obscurity and Top 30 novelty flops, in order to, er, *strum* some songs about, among others, Tony Adams, a eulogy that the ex-Clashster likens to works by Keats. And, in a sense, he's right, because both are roundly ignored by anybody under the age of 30.

The jury is still out on whether **ASH** have lost the plot, though if Glastonbury-goers weren't immediately disqualified from jury service on account of the fact that they're all mentalists (it's a fact!) they'd be found not guilty on all five counts of plot-loss, hammering as they do this evening through the supersonic grunt of "Wild Surf" and an inevitable but no-less-welcome crowd-pleaser in the perfectly shaped shape of "Goldfinger". Sadly, though, Tim entirely fails to recreate the "Numbskull" video onstage.

**TEXAS** may have been invented to be seen when the sun was out, but then so was the legendary Solar Baboon experiment of 1986, and *that* got really boring after the primate's leg exploded, so let's not be too upset that Sharleen and co are seen in the Glastonbury dusk. Relentlessly professional throughout (boo!), and when they anally violate The Human League's "Don't You Want Me" the set stinks like a pensioner's chocolate starfish, a scent that finally drifts away to make way for the joyous, sky-skimming spangle of **UNDERWORLD**, a band which should only been seen in the dark. They boom! They bang! They have someone dressed in white throwing "shapes" on the video screens! And they save the Main Stage!

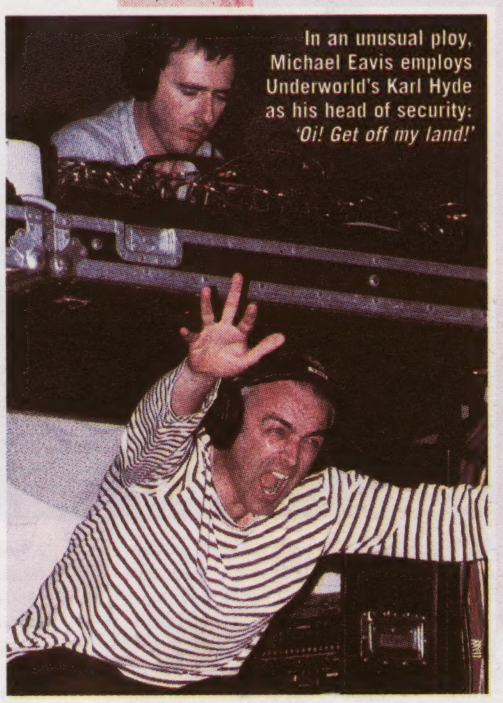


The Manics' Nicky Wire: if you tolerate this haircut, marriage to Ross will be next



Texas' Sharleen Spiteri: no, you 'Hush'!

Ash's Tim Wheeler practises monkey noises



In an unusual ploy, Michael Eavis employs Underworld's Karl Hyde as his head of security: *'Oi! Get off my land!'*

That a band whoring themselves at most of the summer's big events should produce a T-shirt bearing the slogan "Too Many Festivals" would ordinarily draw such cries as "You wankers! You might be bored already, but I've forked out over £80 specifically to see you, f***ers! Don't take me for granted!", were it not for the fact that the band in question tonight is the **MANIC STREET PREACHERS**, possibly rock's most forgiven band. So James is forgiven for changing his tunes and his vocal inflection, just because he can, and Nicky is forgiven for a centrepiece skipping solo during "You Love Us", even though it's been wheeled out at every possible opportunity since Christmas. They're forgiven for a *ropy* reading of "Baby Love" that careers into "Motown Junk", forgiven for a weak joke about British Airways – "your safety is our concern – after the set is temporarily hijacked by a request for the audience to step back "a bit". And how could we deny these three little pumpkins their right to keep their fans amused with a greatest hits set and an admission from Nicky that he's on the verge of pissing himself? We could not. From the Patrick Jones intro to the fact that Nicky is apparently sporting the Rachel look *two years too late*, we would expect nothing else. Thanks, guys.

**PETER ROBINSON**

## STAYING BEAUTIFUL

### HOW ARE MANICS FANS STAYING GLAMOROUS AT GLASTONBURY?

That's the most important question this weekend. Is it so hot that their religiously applied mascara runs down to the Richey tattoo on their ankle, or so wet that their tiaras dissolve with rust?

**SARAH (17), from SOUTHAMPTON**

"It's OK – I always get glammed-up at festivals, so I'm used to it. It doesn't really matter what you look like, and even if you look shit, it's OK, y'know? My boa got a bit ripped in the moshpit, so I elbowed the culprit in the head."

**ANNA (17), from ESSEX**

"It's not as bad as I thought it would be. It's quite hygienic, you know. Yes, it *is!* Well, it is compared to last year. Sadly my boa's looking a little battered, but this is the third time it's seen the Manics. Oh, and my pig lost its tiara."

MICHAEL EAVIS'* WORLD OF SHOWBIZ

BOOZIN' AND SCHMOOZIN' WITH THE MAKER'S OWN 'IT' PARMER

**OOOOH arrrrrr, ambrosiarrrrr! Ooooh arrrrr, ambrosiarrrrr! Welcome all you trendy city foilk to moi luvverly Glaaaastonbury home. Still not used to the cuuntryzide yet, are you? Laaast year you didn't bring any wellies when it was muddy. This year, you didn't bring any sunscreen and it's hotter thaaan a comboine harvezter on foire. And you all look as pink as a newly born lamb, skin peelin' off blizzterin' your senzitive, wuzzy-puzzy faces. Har! Har! Har!**

**Maaaaybe that's whoiy COURTNEY LOVE was such a grumpy heifer onstage, what with slaaaggin' ovv that luvverly PAUL HEATON and THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH. And the south *is* beautiful, rollin' hills, mooing cows, faaat lazzzzzy yoikels drinkin a traaactor's weight in zider. Which brings me to KEITH ALLEN, that faaancy-dan luvvie, keeping everyoine up all noight with his lairy karaoke. I waaanted to do "I Am A Cider Drinker" by The Wurzels, otherwoise known as The Beatles of Somerset, but waaas beaten to it by that preening zuburban dandy JARVIS COCKER, who saang Whigfield's "Saturday Night". And it *was* Saturday noight. You lot may all be townie jezzies, unable to sheaaarrrr a sheep and milk a cow at the same toime, but you're verrry clever. You certainly know what day it is.**

Here I am with Tiny and Chicks' Isabel asking if he minds if I rest my head on his padded shoulder

**Shame KEITH ALLEN'S SON didn't, though. He waaas goin' t'do a song, but waas accused by Allen Senior of being drunk. There then followed a father-son set-to. Just like me and moi father when arguing over which sheep to sheaaar. Har! Har! Been on the zoider a bit, oi have. Hic! Luvvverly scrumpy!**

**Also on the ale trail was JAMIE THEAKSTON, the beanpole Wooster fop of a flouncy daisy, who waaas spotted by Jethro, my trusty faaarmhand, in nearby Wells – a faarrkin' village, where's yer rustic tent, yer BBC bumblebrain – nursing a hangover.**

**Also enjoyin' moi hospitalitee were KELLY JONES, THOM YORKE, SARAH CRACKNELL, CHICKS' ISABEL, SANJAY from "EASTENDERS", SOL from "HOLLYOAKS" and Cast's JOHN POWER, surfing on his tourrrbuz like he was in Bondi Beach or summthin. You'rre in Glaastonbree, chum, get used to it.**

**The MANIC STREET PREACHERS definitely arrren't uzed to our**

I asked San thought I lo from 'EastEn

# GLASTO

## THE OTHER STAGE and THE NEW TENT

THE battle of the elements is on. In a mansion built from his spoon-bending millions somewhere in Reading, Uri Geller sits concentrating furiously, melding his will with the very core of nature to ensure a blistering Glasto swelterfest. Meanwhile, on a stage in a big field 100 miles to the west, his arch-nemesis, Fran Healy from Travis, throws his arms wide and cackles, *"Bring on the rain, hahahahaha!"*, like the most evil of Bond villains. And, lo, it pisses down. Uri Geller, thinks Glastonbury in unison, is a c***.

There is more to the tricky art of weather manipulation than meets the eye, always a price to be paid. Today, the price is a particularly frustrating one: the loveliness of the weather is always in direct contrast to the worth of the band onstage at the time. So while **WITNESS** (sub-Verve chunder), **FUNGUS** (grunting Swedishness) and **HURRICANE #1** (unredeemable cock on a ridiculously bland stick) ply their various brands of sub-standard indie chod in a climate that would melt the average Jamaican, to really see the stars tonight, you must stand in drizzle and resign yourself to a lifetime blighted by frostbite.

The Cardigans' Nina Persson: Swedish of the day

Of the sorry parade of sun-drenched tossers who dare to consider themselves "entertaining" this morning, only **STRAW** drink the sunshine and spew it out in a suitably euphoric spray. For **OOBERMAN**'s Danny Popplewell, of course, it's a glorious day in the Tepee Field every day. As the "Hall Of The Mountain King" intro tape reverberates around The New Tent, on he bounds to warble medievally about the joys of daisy-chain construction and conversing with farmyard animals, finally in his natural environment. Ooberman, you see, exist in a world far removed from Kosovo, Nostradamus and "Star Wars" psychosis. He is only less than delighted when the cows won't talk to him or his bongos are detuned.

It's now that Uri clearly gets distracted and Fran spots his chance. Halfway through a perfectly judged half-poignant ballad/half-pissed-up footie chant set on The Other Stage, **TRAVIS** play "Why Does It Always Rain On Me" as a challenge to the gods. On the final chord, the gods piss on us for a laugh. Undeterred, Travis play like conquering Napoleons, lacing "Good Day To Die" with guitar noises so sleazy they must've found them on Gary Glitter's hard drive and shaking the tor with a devastating "Turn". Growing up early has never been so graceful.

The road to The New Tent is blocked by a truck filled with pure liquified human shit, a horde of zombified hippies following the trail of putrid green slime it leaves in its wake. Metaphors for **SHACK** are rarely so forthcoming. They are essentially a poor Scouse pub band who have stumbled across the concept of smack-folk and thus been subjected to the utmost hero worship because Michael Head was – bloody yawn – a heroin addict. Well, give him a f***ing Emmy, but it doesn't stop the likes of "Streets Of Kenny" sounding like a spliff-decimated Waterboys.

The road to **THE CARDIGANS** is blocked by a truck selling milk for 50p, but it should, for the sake of metaphor, have been carrying a ton of marshmallows with steel centres. God's testes, the Cardies want to rock. Nina – leather of trouser, billowing of hair, microphone handled like she's throttling Reef – fulfils her Debbie Harry fantasies right down to the pussycat growls and wide-thighed posturing. The Blokes add a "Heart Of Glass" rhythm to "Lovefool" and do their best to Sabbath up their nonce-heavy early material. Even the tortured duck noises on "My Favourite Game" are inflected with a vitriol bordering on the insane.

Then The Other Stage grows cacti. The Cardigans' duck is being beaten with a sequencer backstage. And **SUPER FURRY ANIMALS** – by far the most inventive band on the planet – appear to play "Wherever I Lay My Phone (That's My Home)", a song copied from the ringing tone of one of the band's mobile phones and featuring the sound of Gruff's microphone attempting to ram itself down his throat.

Standard pop rockers like "God! Show Me Magic" and "The Teacher" sound almost retarded tonight, overshadowed by the technoid majesty of "Something's Come From Nothing" (the sound of plant roots growing at hyper-speed) and "Mountain People" – a song that begins deceptively as a C&W croon-along and ends like an army of Martian insect droids attacking Milwaukee. During "Northern Lites", some big fluffy aliens come on to play trumpets. The thought of being dragged back to earth by our retro glands by **CAST** is practically unbearable after being transported to the outer reaches of the imagination by such outlandish, brilliant showmanship.

And Uri, devastated, slumps back in despair. God knows this is out of his jurisdiction.

**MARK BEAUMONT**

## TALKING ON SUNSHINE

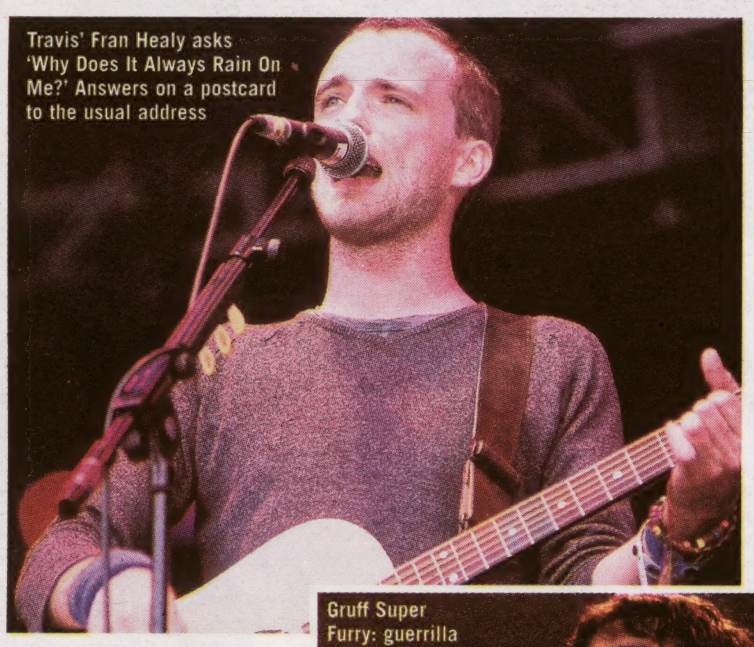
### #7: THARGG
**FLINT-CHOPPING CAVEMAN**

**Are you having a good time?**
"Ooooo! Ooooo! Raghghg! Agagagagagtharp! Oooooagagagag! Uggghhhhh! Gruuuugh! Is Ian Brown playing?"

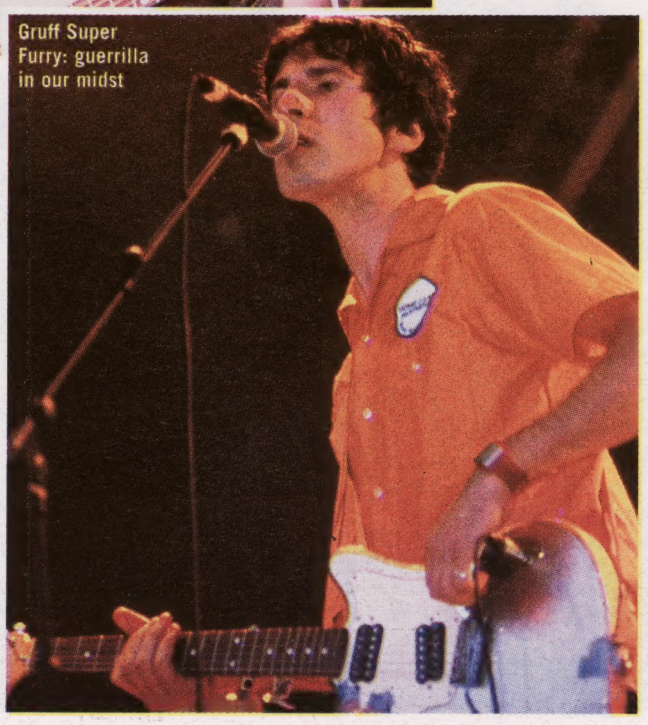
## TALKING ON SUNSHINE

### #6: NICKY WIRE
**MANICS GLAM BEANPOLE**

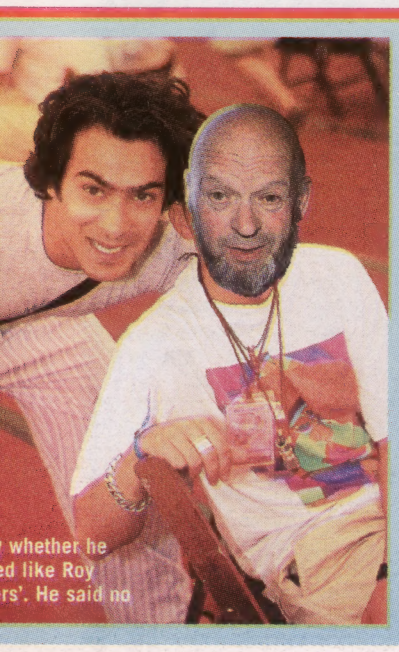
**Are you having a good time?**
"Yeah. . . Sorry, I've got to go. Bye."



Travis' Fran Healy asks 'Why Does It Always Rain On Me?' Answers on a postcard to the usual address



Gruff Super Furry: guerrilla in our midst



**whether he ed like Roy rs'. He said no**

**cuuntryzoide bumpkin ways. They bought their own toilet wiv'em!! And stuck up a sign saying, "These toilets are for the exclusive use of Manic Street Preachers". Can you believvve it! Are they royaaaaltee? Anyway, oi thought we haad reclaiiimed the streetz a couple o'weeks ago in smelly Loindon. Where can they preach now? BILLY BRAGG was a right old sarky sod, saying the Manics' bog-monopoly was "a nice socialist gesture".**

**In fact, it was the Braggster who woke me up dis morrrnin', shouting into my tent, "You're in bed!" Thing is, oi misheard him, baaawling back, "Never, my mother and father are unrelated." How we larrrffed!! Roight, I'm really orfff to bed now. . . *(Err, yes, thank you, Mr Eavis, be seeing you next year – Ed)***

*** Not *that* Michael Eavis, obviously**

## TENT OF THE DAY

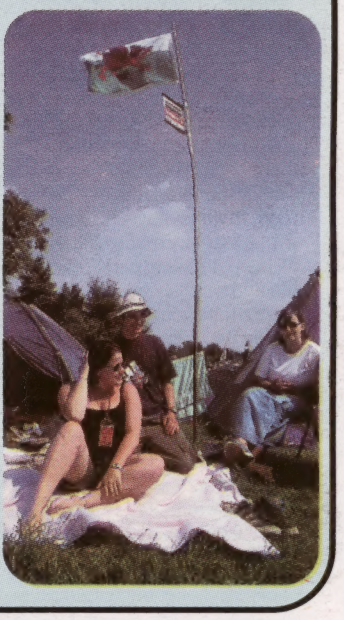
### SATURDAY

**JENNY (25) and JASON (20), both from TREDEGAR, and DEBBIE and WAYNE (both 29), both from ABERDARE**

**TELL US ABOUT YOUR TENT...**

**DEBBIE: "The Welsh flag is so we can meet like-minded people. Lots of Welsh people have come to our tent and had a laugh with us. The fierce dragon is effective, because every tent around us was burgled on Wednesday, but they left us alone. It's must've been the bus-stop Wayne found lying in the road. Well, that's what he says."**

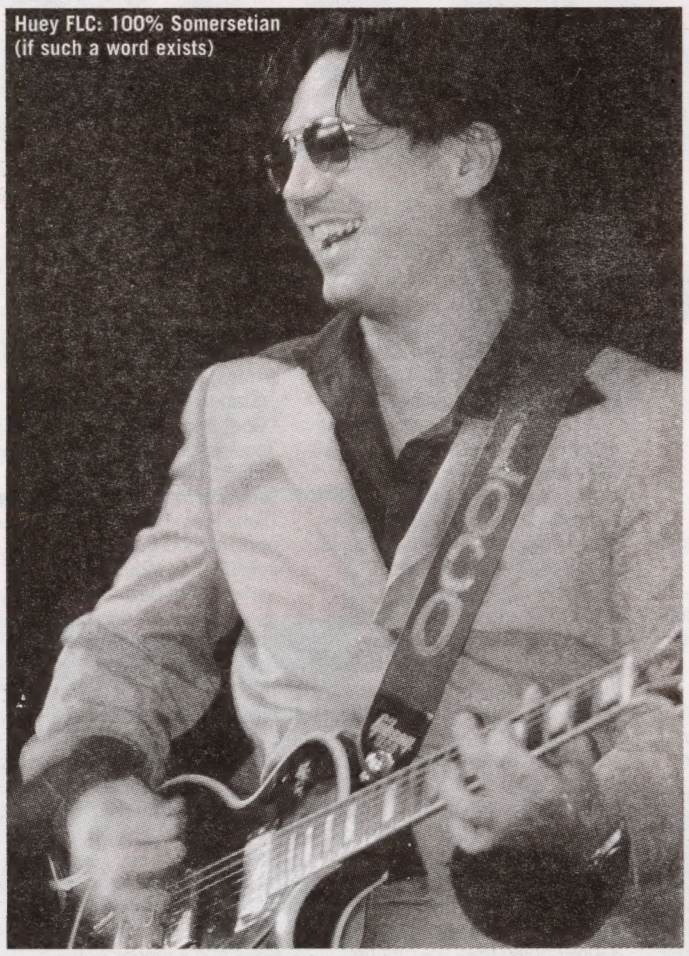
**WAYNE: "It's true! We might put it up in the street after the festival and confuse locals by making them think they're getting a bus to Wales. Or we might keep it and use it every year, so people remember us."**



## NUTTY PROTEST OF THE DAY

Uri Geller's sunny weather: so much to answer for

# PARALYTIC AND


Huey FLC: 100% Somersetian (if such a word exists)

## MAIN STAGE

**SUNDAY** belongs to the God Squad, as the **LONDON COMMUNITY GOSPEL CHOIR** kick off the proceedings by just being really, really happy. Their soulful noise is brought to a halt when everyone is asked to observe a minute's silence in remembrance of Michael's Eavis' wife, Jean, who died a month ago. The only noise comes from a sound system in a distant field. Michael Eavis is presented with a tapestry made by friends of Jean, detailing parts of her life and what she meant to them, before the choir sing "Something Inside So Strong".

The Christian theme continues on a more rock note, as **DELIRIOUS?** make their festival debut. The sound is full of U2-isms, and the bald guitarist with the nasty, tiny, ginger beard looks like he should be one of the blokes who stand behind Shirley in Garbage. One of the songs sounds like "Who Wants To Live Forever?" by Queen. This is not what we expect from Christian bands.

**AL GREEN** (he's a reverend back in his home town of Memphis, don't you know) is filling the "fairly legendary old bloke" position (previously held by Tony Bennett, Tom Jones and Rolf Harris), and is also here to preach the word. He is also a bit mad, strutting around in his white suit under the impression that Glastonbury is actually in Bristol. Footage on the screens show him when he was still young and thin, and during "Let's Stay Together" three balloon sausage dogs chase each other over the field. He's a groovy old bugger, and with his soul man moves he's one for the ladies, as he presents some girls in the front row with single red roses. He then launches into a medley including "My Girl" and "Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay", claiming that the band don't know what he's going to start singing. Geezer.

Yesterday, the Manics brought out a smattering of red dragons, but today **THE CORRS** have attracted a few bearers of the Irish tricolour. They should have saved their pride for Chicks, because the only bad thing about the good weather we've had this year is the fact that there was no slime to chuck at these bastards. A few English girls attempt a B*Witched-style jig, which becomes more like drunken hopscotch. Just pray English traditional music never becomes this popular, or they'll be morris dancing this time next year.

The sharpest pair of cheekbones after Andrea Corr belong to **LENNY KRAVITZ**, and the crowd love him (although possibly not as much as he loves himself). His classic rock sexgod poses and knack of sending the front couple of rows into a frenzy by mingling with them are marred somewhat by endless solos, with more noodling than the nearby Japanese food van.

In anticipation of **FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS**, a young woman has felt-tipped a Huey beard on her chin. The slightly odd atmosphere continues in the middle of their sharp-suited set with Huey's acting class – a scene from "Scarface". It becomes pure panto as he asks, "Hey everybody, should I get the phone for Frank?" *"Yeesssss!"* scream the crowd. "Should I f***in' kill him?" *"Yeess!"*

For the final Glastonbury of the century, it seems inappropriate that the last headliners are a band so pifflingly small-scale. **SKUNK ANANSIE** are, as Vyvyan from "The Young Ones" would have it, "very metal". Skin prowls around the stage like she's ready to take on the world, her voice veering from sweet and clear to a growl, while the drummer pounds away in full Maori-style make-up. The day comes full circle as she dedicates a song to Jean Eavis, and the crowd head off to their tents with the same thoughts as when they had emerged in the morning.

**EMMA JOHNSTON**

Skunk Anansie's Skin: Charlie hot potato

## TALKING ON SUNSHINE

### #8: CAPTAIN SCOTT and CAPTAIN OATES

FROST-BITTEN SNOWMEN

**Are you having a good time?**

**Scott:** "Brrrrr. I've lost some toes back there. Have you seen them?"

**Oates:** "Toes? I've lost both my feet."

Pah! She's not a proper Manics fan – where are the scars on her wrists? Eh? *Eh?*

## THE GLASTONBURY DIARY OF A MANICS FAN

**TUESDAY**

**8am:** No sign of Richey yet!

**WEDNESDAY**

**10pm:** Oh! My green field of intensiosity has been punctured by the tractor of reality, as I must face the truth denied my like for so long! Still no sign of my beloved Richey! Not even Sean! Where can they be? I'm ready, Sean, I'm ready for you!

**FRIDAY**

**3pm:** Oh oh oh oh! Just a day to go until the Manics are onstage! They must be here somewhere! I must look for them like the lamp of an oppressed miner looks for the glint of coal! But am I a striking miner, brought down to his knees by the intense evil of Thatcherism? Where! Where are you?

**5.15pm:** Bleee! I'm backstage! But the Manics are not! This is the most intense closeness to my heroes I've felt since I stole Nicky's dustbin!

**8pm:** Oh, you Day-Glo-jacketed fools, do you not understand why I am here! I must meet the Manics! Do not throw me from the guest enclosure like the discarded manifesto of bands less important than the Manics! Don't!

**11.45pm:** James, how can you do this to me? Why do you not arrive? My tent has collapsed and so has my heart. . .

**SATURDAY**

**1pm:** Today is the day that I finally get to see my beloved Manics at the Glastonbury Festival! It's such an intense intermingling of the unzipped sleeping bag of truth with the heightened field of heightened expectation – but they will conquer! Conquer the festival like they conquer no other festival except the other 20 they're playing this year! And conquer the capitalist infrastructure of doom and oppression that chills my noodles after just two minutes in the tray, like the new-born child already raped by society's ills!

**1.15pm:** The pain! The pain! I am shitting my arse away into the cesspit of oblivion! Damn you, prawn curry, for your intensiosity on my bowels!

**1.18pm:** Howweeeeeeeeeee! Stop the pain! Stop the pain! My arse is splitting like an infinitive! I don't even know what that means, but I know Richey would never do anything so ungrammatical as that!

**2.15pm:** I'm so excited! But it's so hot! It's so. . . So. . . I'm. . .Going all dizzy. . . Must lie downnnnnnnn. . . Zzzzzzzzz. . .

**12.28am:** Blaaaaaaaah! I've missed the Manics! Aaarrrggh!! They'll hate me! You St John's fools! You've ruined my entire, whole, entire existence! With your stretcher and your idiotic roboid ambulance! How dare you? I may have been unconscious, but it was an art statement like the ones that Richey used to do! Now I've missed the Manics forever and they'll never know how much they need to love me!

**SUNDAY**

**9am:** Ohhhhh! Boooohooo! The actual, like, intenseness of the situation has just dawned on me. I don't know if I can continue! It's just too. . . Oh, Richey, can you forgive me?

# SUNBURNT

## WHAT ARE THE KIDS DOING INSTEAD OF WATCHING THE CORRS?

The sun is shining, Al Green has just drenched the Main Stage crowd in peace and love of every conceivable kind, and a spirit of tolerance and Christian understanding fills the air. What could be finer, then, than settling down to enjoy Ireland's finest musical export since "The Floral Dance?" We "Corr-nered" three open-minded punters and asked them.

**LUTHER (28), from EPPING FOREST**

"Of *course* I love The Corrs, but I've found you can get a similar kind of buzz by sticking a fork in your eye – it saves time and the effects last longer. Sometimes, I like to stick bamboo splinters under my fingernails as well, but I did that yesterday when Texas were on."

**SAM (20), from LONDON**

"The Corrs are a fantastic band, but getting run over just about edges them. It's a little bit sad like 'What Can I Do To Make You Love Me?' and a bit squelchy like. . . 'Runaway'."

**STEVE (23) and KAREN (22), both from LEEDS**

Steve: "I hate The Corrs, but listen to this generator, it's f***ing brilliant. You can hear everything in there – it's like all the bands I've seen so far in a kind of superband – it's wicked."

Karen: "This is what Glastonbury's all about, the sun's shining and we've just found the next big thing. The Corrs are shit though, let's face it."

TREVOR BAKER

## THE OTHER STAGE and THE NEW TENT

**ASTRID** open proceedings in The New Tent with a riot of Day-Glo harmonies and pop madness run riot. Guitarist William treats old and new songs alike, all of which deserve Top 10 status, with a hip-wiggling dance routine. They are the most fun you can ask for outside Big Bertha's massage parlour.

It's a tough act to follow, and verily **COLDPLAY** make the sunshine disappear with their exercises in miserable sub-Radiohead stadium rock. They offer some light relief with occasional – gasp! – pop tunes and by – blimey! – giving away puzzle books. **MERZ**, one of The Maker's tips for the top with their tip-top hip-hop pop, pick up the pace. It's decks'n'drums'n'rock'n'roll, kind of like Portishead possessing the will to live.

Meanwhile, **TOPLOADER** make like the young Elton John on The Other Stage. That's piano-driven glam rock at its best. They let us down on occasion by giving in to tortuous fretwork that comes across like a pub rock ELO, but there's enough here to mark them as ones to watch. **SNOWPONY** don't have as much charm, sadly. They are Stereolab without the tunes, more messy than avant-garde, the type of experimental Krautrock that is rarely seen outside dingy North London venues.

**ELECTRASY** are strangely lukewarm, for live they are usually a freewheeling rollercoaster of pop styles and stage antics. Maybe the sun, or "something else", had gone to their heads. As they leave, a huge horde of females congregates in the field. Something to do with Keanu Reeves and **DOGSTAR**, methinks. Better to look at than to listen to, such is the nature of their hackneyed American rock.

They should've taken some lessons in the basics from **CHICKS** in The New Tent, whose sneering, brash and bratty teen punk is like the Shangri-Las playing the Ramones. Showing the full range of their talents, they deliver *a cappella* versions of "Say You'll Be There" and "I Want You Back". Better still, a pissed-up knucklehead who screams for them to disrobe is disarmed by being instructed to "f*** off to the Green Fields and have a wank." **DODGY** mark their return with a new singer, Dave Bassey, by being, well, dodgy. They play some old songs, they play some new songs, and they all sound like they've been put through the heavy metal mixer.

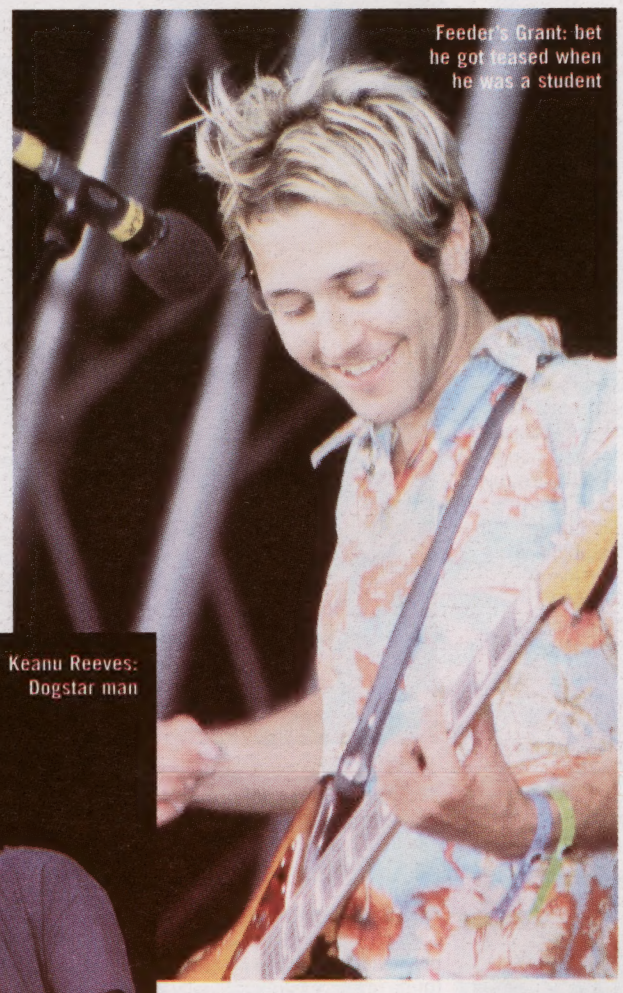
Meanwhile, on The Other Stage, **THE DELGADOS** play razor-sharp punk pop that goes for the heart and for the feet. They slow things down beautifully at times, like a Nico-led Velvet Underground with some flute to boot. **FEEDER** mark their entrance by asking for the return of Stuart's mobile phone. It's easy to identify because it plays Black Sabbath's "Paranoid". Yes, this is rock central; there are hundreds of bands who play pile-driving cock rock, few who do it well and fewer still who do it as well as Feeder, who combine ear-splitting noise with tunes of solid gold. **TINDERSTICKS** then make us thoroughly enjoy being miserable because they do it so bloody well. Theirs is a sinister beauty, they are men with storm clouds permanently over their heads, and last night they probably lost all their money in a casino and then had sordid sex down a side alley. Which is good for us, clearly.

It's time to get funky with **REGULAR FRIES** in The New Tent. Their stoned, skinny-arse skunk-rock is a spaced-out daze, too ramshackle for much of the set, and incorporates saxophones, which is always a bad thing. **CORNELIUS** make it all better with sexy, futuristic dance pop and huge grooving guitars. They are the Japanese Primal Scream. No, they are the Japanese Air, only with added beats and rock'n'roll. **SNEAKER PIMPS** close The New Tent shenanigans by demanding that the crowd go "f***ing mad for it". We would, but their anaemic dance-rock is too one-dimensional to let loose.

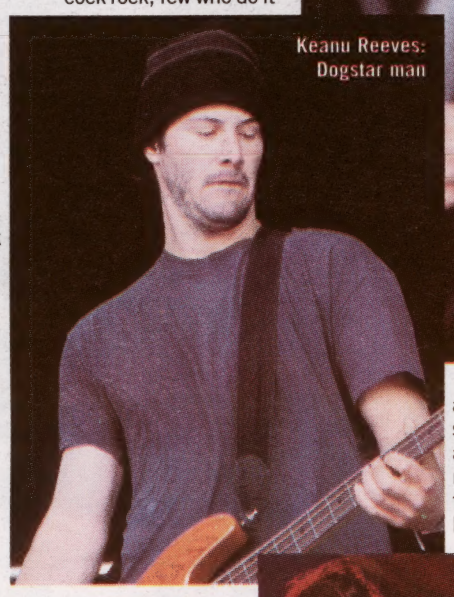
**MERCURY REV** find their spiritual home on The Other Stage. From the Woodstock area of New York, they are hippies, which means they should be burnt at the stake, but they're not always prone to hippy noodling bollocks, no siree. Some of it's quite good! Some of it's excellent! And the cathedral organ sound is brilliant! Atmospheric, strangely beautiful stuff it is too.

Someone left a message on the notice board declaring that **MOGWAI** don't sound like Pink Floyd. Sorry, but you're wrong, cos Mogwai do operate in the extravagant, self-indulgent rock that the Floyd gave us. Mogwai's direction is even less straightforward, as they navigate the commercial arm of post rock, and it's bloody difficult to get your head round it, let alone enjoy it, unless you're in an altered state of consciousness. Which, at the end of three long, mental days, a lot of people are.

BEN CLANCY



Feeder's Grant: bet he got teased when he was a student



Keanu Reeves: Dogstar man

Chicks' Isabel: a hatch made in heaven

A reverential crowd descends upon the bass player from Fungus' tent

## TALKING ON SUNSHINE

### #9: KARL HYDE
**UNDERWORLD DANCE PSYCHO**

**Are you having a good time?**

"Well, yes. It's not raining. What if it does? Naaaah! Don't be a pessimist! I've seen worse rain than this, and there isn't any *(??? – Ed)* And if the rain's in the sky, it's OK, because I'm not going up there." *(Double ??? – Ed)*

### #10: RICHARD BACON
**COKE-SNORTING GLASTO VIRGIN**

**Are you having a good time?**

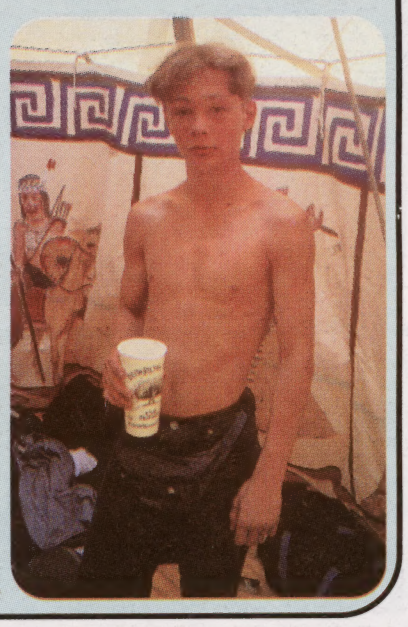
"Yeah. It's my first time and I love it, but it's a bit weird being backstage. A bit too cosy. Am I taking any drugs? No. None this weekend."

## TENT OF THE DAY

### SUNDAY
**LES (17), from HULL**

**TELL US ABOUT YOUR TENT...**

**"My dad bought the wigwam about 10 years ago in Glastonbury. Me and my family stay in it every year. It's really good, because people come along and chill out with us. We go camping all around the country and it's only at Glastonbury that anyone knows about tepees. I don't like going to concerts, because they're too commercialised, but here you can chill and listen to some music. I don't like music that much, I just come here for the atmosphere, but I'll probably watch The Corrs and Blondie."**



## NUTTER OF THE DAY

Daft leopard

# A RAVER'S GUIDE TO GLASTONBURY

## COULD OUR BEAT-FREAK HAVE A GOOD TIME AT THE MOTHER OF ALL FESTIVALS?

**GLASTONBURY** Festival. A haven for hippies, new-agers and indie kids. Not exactly a clubber's paradise, then. Surely the possibility of a diehard beat-seeker demanding a weekend of shit-hot, mind-expanding dance-hedonism is nil?

### FRIDAY

**11.30am:** How wrong can I be? Even Quality Catering, adjacent to The Dance Tent, is playing Dope Smugglaz. An involuntary dancetastic twinge embeds itself in my wrists.
**12pm:** The Dance Tent opens. And it's very "large" indeed. Size-wise that is. The starry and spotted drapes play toxic games with my mind.
**12.30pm:** The white mouse of Avalon runs across a shaven-headed man's shoulders and disappears into his ear. F***!
**12.31pm:** Guy in yellow afro wig shakes yellow smiley afro in sync with the beat.
**12.45pm:** "I'm a f***ing failure," announce **SKINNY** as they launch into the fantastic warbling twistedness of "Failure". "Come Down" is a warning. *"I'm so tired/ I'm so wired"*. So apt.
**4pm:** Get sunstroke.

Fatboy Slim: cookin'

**6pm: MR X & MR Y** do a tech-electro breakbeat scratchy thing which suddenly erupts, just as I begin to crave faster beats. Army of ultra-paranoid gurners scares me f***less.
**8.30pm: GUSGUS** enthrall with classics "Ladyshave" and "Believe", but soon deteriorate into unfathomable acid house heap.
**9.30pm:** I've died and The Dance Tent has been reborn as the greatest **FATBOY SLIM** cult phenomenon ever witnessed. Shit, has the feather-boa'd Manics fan onstage really whipped out her boobies? Anyway, she's soon lost in a mass wave of up-fer-it stage invaders.
**11pm:** There's a change of tempo. **THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS** destroy the mood with some shite minimal house meanderings. Where are the goddamn block rockin' beats? They're in my head, not on the stage.
**12am:** My wrists are aching. My feet are sore from stomping – and I remember **FAITHLESS** are living Gods. It all makes sense. Blessed be the Faithless.
**2.30am:** Four fire engines pass me by. I have it large behind one until it starts reversing. Suddenly realise there are real live fires and real lives to save. Ooops.

'How could you tell I'm a window-cleaner in real life?'

### SATURDAY

**12.30pm:** A tent full of beefy Hartlepoolers invite me to join their miniature rave to a pre-recorded Pete Tong show. Ace.
**4pm:** Find myself involuntarily body popping to the electro-fused mayhem of the **FREESTYLERS** (quite unsuccessfully, actually – more cat vomiting manoeuvres than breakdance-mastery).
**5pm:** Jeezus, **BLACK STAR LINER**'s Choque Hosein has just chucked a rather large dustbin into the crowd. Dancing like a cross between Mick Jagger and an Indian bellydancer, he brings rock'n'roll antics to the dance world, alongside his saucy bhangra-based beat fusions. He's comical, compelling, and surreal.
**9.15pm:** Wrist action's on overtime as **FABIO** and **GROOVERIDER** swing their hard-stepping, drum'n'bass – emphasis being on bass. My wrists go limp – as do the tunes. . .
**10pm:** Chilling in the Virgin Tea Tent is the only option, where ambient vibes and Earl Grey iced tea revive me ready for the gods of futuristic electronica. . .
**11pm:** The men with the double coal-miners' lights embrace a mass gathering of worshippers, in awe of every note, melody, Gazza-"Fog On The Tyne" fist-in-the-air motion and Belinda Carlisle sample. In spite of the occasional borrowed *faux pas*, **ORBITAL** are geniuses. Their melodies flutter with fantastical vitality – "The Box" for one. Even their rendition of the "Doctor Who" theme is ace (pissing on The Timelords) – and then there's "Satan" with a sinister life of its own.
I make some more new friends. A couple. He recites eloquent poetry. She embraces me over and over again. Then we group hug. Behind, firework glitter fills the sky. I look again, and a white ship of white-clad ghostly figures with skeletal faces sails across the sea of people. Awesome, a perfect visual accompaniment to Orbital's spellbinding music.
**12am:** Annoy everyone in the Outdoor Cinema as I create dancing silhouettes by my inability to remain seated for "Human Traffic".

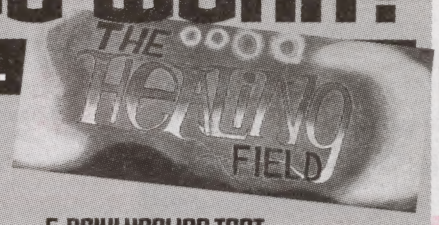
Somersetting sun: the Chemicals' Tom practises his needlework

### SUNDAY

**1.30pm: RAE & CHRISTIAN**'s mellow hip-hop vibes and soulful grooves, like "Spellbound", gently ease me into the day. Big bass, flute, sax and splendid scratchin' add to the pleasure.
**3pm:** My pager starts bleeping. Don't know whether to check the message or start my own Castlemorton equivalent.
**5.50pm: THE SCRATCH PERVERTS** reduce my already fragile mental state to tiny splinters of glass with their nail-on-blackboard scratching. Help!
**6pm:** Fancy a change. Lambada to Cuban thrust-athons in the Bacardi Tent with tall, dark, handsome strangers. . .
**9pm:** OK, I admit I'm flagging. particularly in the wrist department. So some downtempo arm waving to **JURASSIC 5**'s creative hip-hop is ideal. Incredible rap harmonies. Tasteful turntable trickery. Endearing audience interaction. It's all delightfully engaging.
**11.30pm:** Investigate "The Smallest Nightclub In The World Ever". Its Eighties disco disasters force me to depart swiftly.
**12am:** Car alarm sounds. Whip on my white gloves before it's turned off.
**1am:** An ever-expanding rave absorbs me outside the closed Energy 24 drinks bar. No *zzzzzz* for hours. To club or not to club at Glastonbury? That is the question. And the answer? Yep, there are floppy-fringers by the billion, tie-dye stoneheads by the trillion, but clubheads aren't exactly a minority either, and Glasto dishes out hedonism on a silver-spoon: 72 hours of mind-bangin' ecstasy.
**JULIE GLASSMAN**

# DO GLASTONBURY'S HEALING FIELDS WORK?

## WE POP DOWN HEALING BROADWAY AND TRY EVERYTHING TO SHAKE OFF THAT PESKY HANGOVER...




One thing about non-stop dance benders is that only truly advanced hedonists survive without eventually plunging into Hangover Hell. And the stomach-blistering after-effects just don't disappear after necking a pint of water or inhaling some fresh air (be serious, we're at Glastonbury). It's a lost cause – but we're desperate, so help is sought in the spiritual reserve of The Healing Field and various alternative forms of weirdo-therapy.

### 1 THE STOP-GO WIND-POWERED ENERGISER

This tree-like fabrication is adorned with various feng shui elements: metals, flowers and babies' dummies. Its life-force, combined with a spot of "colonic irrigation", as Eggbox the sculptor calls it (which consists of talking shit at you), has potential healing qualities. A few minutes sitting cross-legged underneath it relieves nothing. The pounding head feeling is worsened by Eggbox's mindless babble.

### 2 THE COUNSELLING BENDER TENT

A warm welcome awaits losers like me. It's my turn to babble. An extremely patient professional counsellor allows me to talk shit at her. In 15 minutes, I have shared all my life-long neuroses with a complete stranger, and my shoulders no longer feel burdened by the fact that all my mates have abandoned me because I'm a useless waster *(I'm saying nothing – Ed)*. Sadly, my head still hurts like a bastard. And by the way, "Bender" refers to the tent being constructed of bent twigs and is nothing to do with counselling directed at hungover casualties – like me.

### 3 THE BODY & SOUL SACRED SAUNA CHILL-OUT TENT

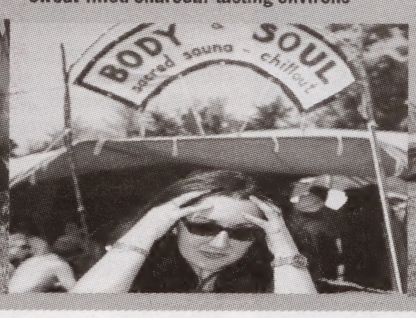
Nudes, nudes and more nudes. And, no, it's not a Glasto free-love orgy. These sweat-filled charcoal-tasting environs take my mind off the hangover for the minute it takes me to accustom myself to male/female exposed bodily parts. I sweat toxins from every pore and feel like I've consumed double what I actually did the night before.

### 4 DIDGERIDOOS

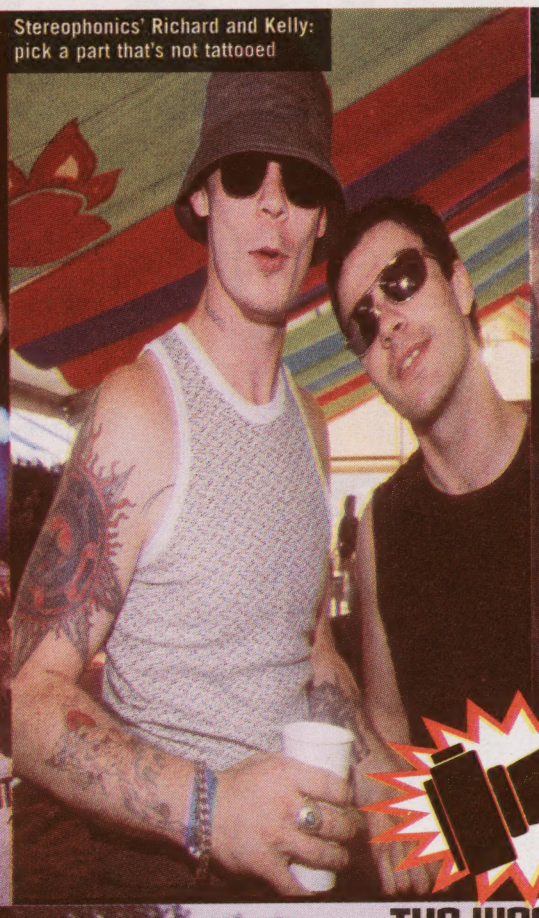
I pounce on a couple with a didgeridoo and beg them to heal me with its deep-spirited tones. They inform me they've only just made it – but I'm willing to try anything. José and Erica breathe life into their instrument, and evil spirits part company with my inner karma – but the pain continues.

### 5 REIKI HEALING TENT

Last resort, hardcore healing. I'm informed that my Reiki healing session will drain away unwanted negative energies and replace them with positive life-forces. But more importantly it can reduce pain. Ten minutes later, I'm calmed, pain-free – and my head is in the best condition it's been all weekend. Heaven on earth – I'm healed. . . Who's getting the next round in?
**JULIE GLASSMAN**



Zoe Ball: 'Please don't shoot! I only *pretend* to support Manchester United!'

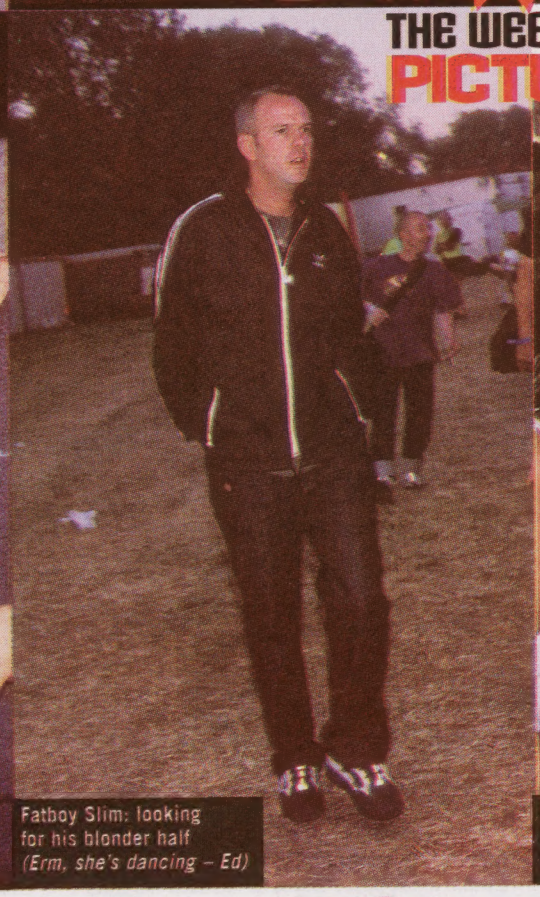


Stereophonics' Richard and Kelly: pick a part that's not tattooed

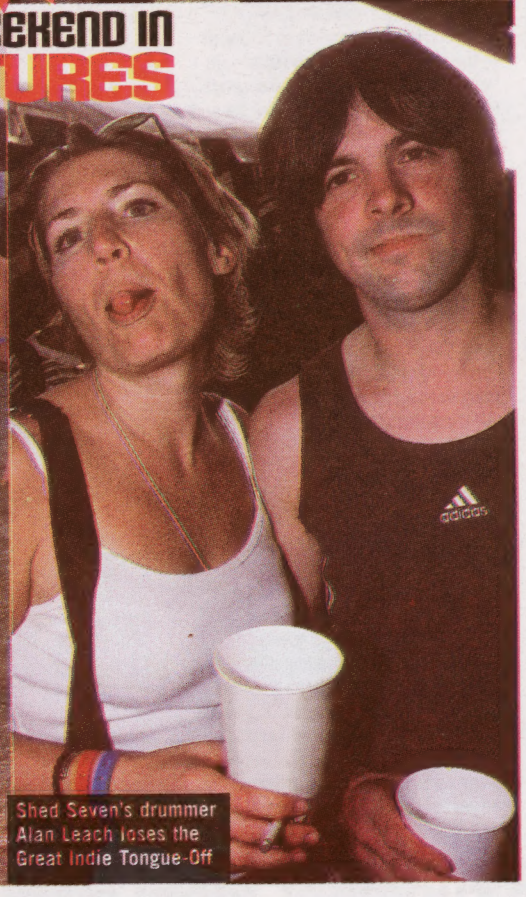
Some Dogstarbloke and Keanu Reeves doing his Elliott Smith impression: guess which one is famous

# THE WEEKEND IN PICTURES

Jarvis Cocker: 'Tonight, Keith, I'm going to be Whigfield' *(See World Of Showbiz page 28)*



Fatboy Slim: looking for his blonder half *(Erm, she's dancing – Ed)*



Shed Seven's drummer Alan Leach loses the Great Indie Tongue-Off

## TALKING ON SUNSHINE

**#12: KELLY JONES**
**STEREOPHONICS SINGER**
**Are you having a good time?**
"Yeah, I'm only here to see REM cos we've got to shoot straight back and support Aerosmith at Wembley."

**#13: STEVE**
**MAD HATTER SUPREME**
**Are you having a good time?**
"Yeah, I live up here. But the Babylon fields are taking over the Avalon fields. It's not right, man."

**#14: JAMIE THEAKSTON**
**INDIE TV HUNK**
**Are you having a good time?**
"As you can see from my beer, yes."

**#15: SHAUN**
**COP OF COOL**
**Are you having a good time?**
"I love coming here. You see lots of stuff without paying for it. Great!"

## LIGGERS AND SWIGGERS

**The Melody Maker league of debauchery, depravity and debacle**

**1 THOM YORKE**
Radiohead glum-monster donning his happy head and enjoying the Glasto spirit. No surprises? Well, actually it was. A f***ing big one.

**2 COURTNEY LOVE**
Slagged off The Beautiful South. Invited half the crowd onstage. Needed a fork-lift to hitch her clothes backstage. Awesomely insane.

**3 PETER BUCK and MIKE MILLS**
Multi-zillionaire REM stalwarts, rich enough to buy gold-plated space shuttles, arrived *chez* Eavis courtesy of the local train network. Cool.

**4 NEW ASH T-SHIRT**
Featuring a still of Tim's naked pornographic video romp in New York. Worn by Wheeler groupies all weekend.

**5 SILVER MEN ON STILTS**
Tall, scary and sweaty. Spent all weekend indulging in water-pistol warfare with girls wearing angel wings. Mummy, help us.

HEY BOOZE DRUGS SHAME FIGHTS CASH SEX EMERGENCY GOOD 'UN

## Mr. Agreeable's GLASTONBURY LOWLIGHTS

**1 LENNY KRAVITZ**
F*** me! Where did they dig this c*** up from? Last year's f***ing cesspit? Cos he f***ing stinks like that, as well as stinking of a resolute inability to display any inkling of talent, whatsoever! C***!

**2 THE CIRCUS TENT**
Take your trapezes, take your f***ing buckets of f***ing tinsel and whatever else you're thinking of pissing me off with, and shove them up your A-level Theatre Studies f***ing arses!

**3 TREES**
What the f*** use *are* you lot? Just f***ing standing there throwing f***ing leaves into my f***ing Bacardi Breezer! One day I'll burn the f***ing lot of you!

**4 ANTI-GM PROPAGANDISTS**
Look, f***wits, if I want my food to be f***ing bigger and to taste f***ing nicer, then I'm f***ed if I'll have you whinnying hippies telling me I'm not allowed to f***ing eat it! Come near me and you'll get a perfectly formed tomato right up your f***ing arses!

**5 LITTER CREWS**
You! C***s! Keep your f***ing hands off! When I throw a used pint glass on the grass, I expect it to f***ing stay there, not for some do-gooding f***er with a child strapped to her back to come along and pick it f***ing up again! Christ!

**6 THE McSPORRAN KITCHEN**
What the f*** is *this?* F*** me! The only interesting thing ever to be found in a f***ing sporran is not the kind of filthy muck I expect to find on the end of my f***ing fork! F***!

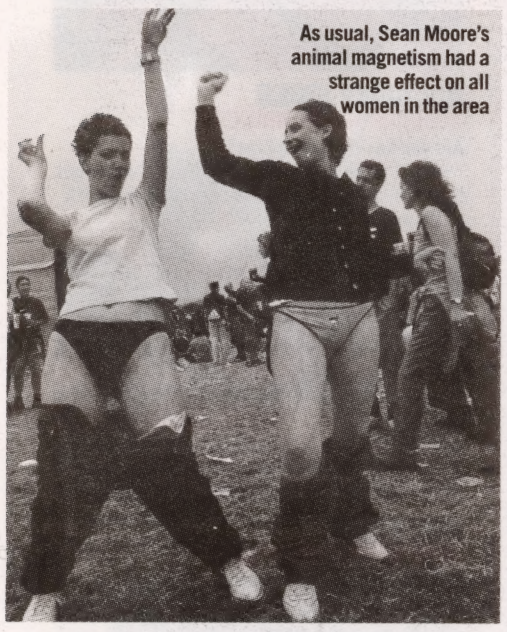
**7 LOST CHILDREN TENT**
Christ on a rainbow-coloured unicycle! It's full of screaming, shit-nosed f***ing children! Bury them! Bury them in the ground! Make them all suffocate! Die!

**8 MANIC STREET PREACHERS**
C**s! C***s! C***s! C***s!
C**s! C***s! C***s! C***s!
C**s! C***s! C***s! C***s!
C**s! C***s! C***s! C***s!
C**s! C***s! C***s! C***s!
C**s! C***s! C***s! C***s!

**9 BBC RADIO BRISTOL**
Cher! The f***ing Pretenders! Some c*** who thinks I want to listen to his f***ing voice! F***! Arse! Christ!

**10 INFORMATION POINTS**
If I need any information, I won't be asking you c***s. And I won't f***ing be able to after I've torched your f***ing hut!

# HOW LOW WOULD GLASTO PUNTERS STOOP FOR A BEER?



As usual, Sean Moore's animal magnetism had a strange effect on all women in the area

'Henna tattoo? I'd rather fellate Lemmy!'

GLASTONBURY Man imagines no possessions. His kingdom is the wild realms of nature itself, he is unshackled from the constraints of capitalism, unconcerned over such sordid matters as careers or class. He is at peace.

But offer him a free pint of Carlsberg Ice to suck off the nearest dead post-rabid dog and he'll gobble like a bitch with enthusiasm. For love may be free in the Vale Of Avalon, but the lager costs up to £3 a pint and there's hard drugs to save up for. So we set out to discover just what depths of depravity the booze-starved, brain-boggled Glasto hordes would sink to, simply by having a pint wafted under their nose.

It takes approximately 53 seconds of loitering around The Other Stage to find a man willing to eat his own socks for free beer. That man is Craig Halford from Bath. He peels off a stocking of purest scum, upon which at least three new diseases are mutating, and stuffs it into his mouth, despite the sock's best efforts to escape.

"That was pretty shitty really," he chokes, "but for a free beer and getting your face in the paper *(Yeah, right – Ed)*, it's fair enough."

So, as we suspected, personal hygiene is no object in the face of *gratis* lager. But what price one's treasured Glasto Cool? If, for instance, we stopped Ian Davis from Bath as he made his way across the field bearing a hand-carved didgeridoo and then convinced another passing punter, say Tabitha Moyle also from Bath (a high nutter quotient there, obviously), to perform an impromptu ditty of their choice on the spot, would their anti-humiliation alert stop them from warbling away like utter twonks? Would it arse.

"It was fabulous," says Tabitha, "thanks for the beer."

The piece they perform together is a kind of ambient Krautrock symphony featuring Björkesque vocals and a droning undercurrent, reminiscent of Spiritualized at their finest. Bollocks, then. But enough to earn them their gratefully received pints. Yet such shenanigans are not foul and perverted enough for our twisted brains. It is time to put Glastonbury's fragile sense of shame to the ultimate test.

"Drop my trousers for a pint?" says Dazza from Glasgow. "That's the best offer I've had all day!"

And so a grown man prances around in the baggiest boxer shorts known to man a few yards from Hurricane #1. And he is soon joined by Angela Betridge and Sarah Preston from Hampshire, who immediately snog The Maker photographer and expose their highly tasteful knickers. Indeed, Sarah is so liberated by the joys of nudity that she dances in her pants for a good 10 minutes, snogs some more unsuspecting onlookers and runs off without even claiming her pint. Heaven forgive us for the demon we have unleashed upon Somerset.

It is at a henna tattoo stall in the market where we stumble upon the only man at Glastonbury with any sense of dignity. For no matter how much we tempt Matt Bayle from Soho with the sweet amber nectar, he simply refuses to have the word "Twat" tattooed on his forehead.

"I'm not a twat!" he claims. "But I suppose I could have it under my arm."

Will you do that, then?

"No."

And so to the final, terrifying challenge, to find someone willing to step into the very belly of the witch-faced, fiddly-diddly AOR beast. Keith Young from Whitby, for the price of a pint, will you agree to watch The Corrs?

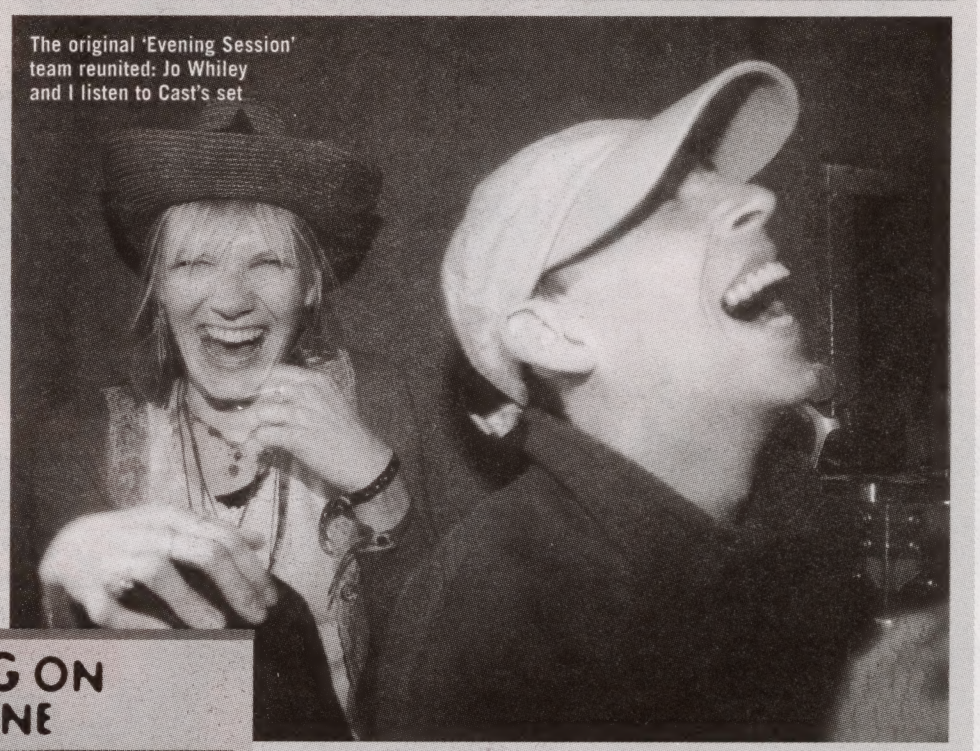
"Sure," replies our cold-hearted victim, "I was going to go anyway."

Had we brought his grandmother with us we have no doubts that he would have Frenched her on the spot to get that by now steaming pint. Proof, yer honour, that these buggers will do absolutely anything for beer. Oh, and if you ended up snogging Craig Halford from Bath at Glastonbury this year, we are very sorry.

MARK BEAUMONT

# THE GLASTO SESSION

GETTING SUNBURNT FOR A LIVING WITH **STEVE LAMACQ**



The original 'Evening Session' team reunited: Jo Whiley and I listen to Cast's set

## TALKING ON SUNSHINE

**MICHAEL EAVIS**
GLASTONBURY OVERLORD

**Are you having a good time?**
"Oh yes. I'm just relieved the weather is better than last year. Isn't it wonderful!"

I'M writing this piece early on Saturday afternoon in the Maker bus. Actually, I'm not sure why I mentioned that. Possibly it's so this column reads like a mid-term report, but probably it's just to assure you and myself that I still know where I am and what day it is. I am not (so far) a Glastonbury casualty – even though it dawned on me yesterday that the Glasto site is one huge pop hospital. Trust me, I'm a doctor.

The New Tent is Maternity; the Avalon Stage is Ear Nose & Throat, and, exceedingly popular this year, The Dance Tent is Accident & Emergency. They were hurrying patients in and out all day yesterday with afflictions such as "straw hat syndrome", "lost mate amnesia" and what I can only surmise to be the early symptoms of blindness ("Who's that onstage?" "Is that Freq Nasty?" Squint, squint. . .). The Dance Tent so far has been one of the hottest tickets, as far as I can see – and not just for Fatboy and the Chemicals, but for a good supporting cast.

Saw Rasmus who were good, though less ska-influenced than I thought they were going to be, then Mr X & Mr Y, two DJs on the spin at the same time with old-skool beats and blasts of cut-up riffage and rap. But my festival moment of the year so far has been Pavement doing "Summer Babe" – though Gomez were effortless in their command of The Other Stage yesterday and Hole, as per, were compelling, if not 100 per cent fulfilling on the Main Stage.

Anyway, Friday had its other moments – not least the re-emergence of "beard cricket", a game patented by "Session" assistant Joe "Hardcore" Harland. The rules are: one run for moustache, four for a full beard and six for a "big trampy or dreadlocked beard". However, a goatee and you're out.

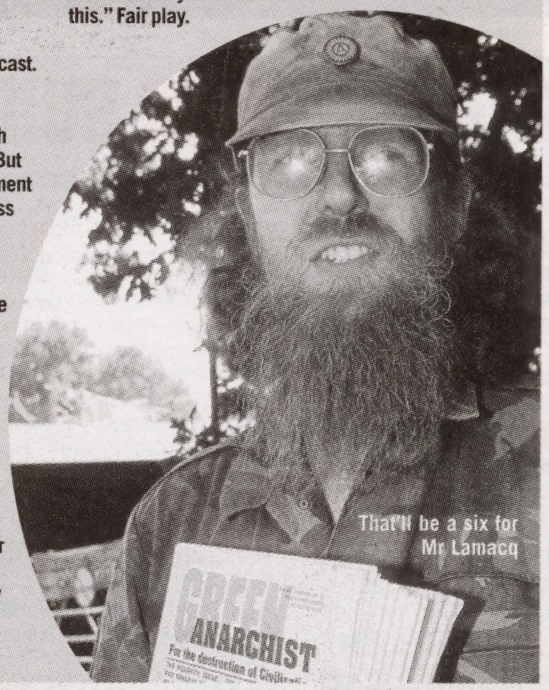
IF anyone heard our Fatboy & Slim DJ showdown on the radio, or in one of the beer tents – where the sound was being pumped in – then the answer to your question is "No, we didn't know what was going on, either." In the style of Armand Van Helden and Fatboy Slim, myself and John Peel had to take turns at the decks – Peel going first, after losing the toss.

There had been a certain amount of piss-taking and bravado in the run-up to the event, but the truth was that we were both stupidly nervous and had to be coaxed to the backstage face-off with a combination of charm and the promise of red wine and cider when we came off-air (just before we started, Peel turned to me and, with the look of a rabbit caught in the headlights of a juggernaut, said, "How *did* we get ourselves into this?").

John, though, weighed in with a custom-made box of seven-inches and a few CDs, and started with a jungle tune I'd never heard of, but that rocked the big one. In response, the "Session" corner retaliated with a track from "Droppin' Science Volume 11" (and not a bad mix, even though I do say it myself). Peel, however, was ready to go on the attack. Sensing his time had come early, he cut out of the jungle and straight into. . . "9 To 5" by Sheena Easton. A wily smile played around his lips as he retreated a couple of steps, but – after a mild panic – I got him back with "Happy Birthday" by Altered Images (well, it had to come in handy sooner or later). And so it went.

Peel's big track, which he'd been saving for the winning punch, was a recording of the commentary of Liverpool's winning goal in a European Cup Final, but luckily – sorry, skilfully – I managed to counter that with the Kop End at Anfield performing a rousing version of "You'll Never Walk Alone", straight into "Smells Like Teen Spirit". We finished with "Song 2" and "Teenage Kicks".

As Peelie said: "I've finished every gig I've done in the last 20 years with this." Fair play.




That'll be a six for Mr Lamacq

# MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE REAL WORLD. . .

**GLASTONBURY wasn't the only "happening event" over the weekend. Oh no. Back in the real world, several exciting "events" were, in a very real sense, "happening".**

**Friday**
**12.15pm** Cardinal Hume's funeral – live. Good turn-out. Few arrests.
**1pm** Mucho controversy over "millionaire Labour backer" Greg Dyke being appointed Director-General of the BBC.
**1.50pm** In Kosovo, military police arrest man for orchestrating massacre of 46 people in 48 hours.
**2.35pm** The guitar that Eric Clapton used to record "Layla" has gone for $450,000 at auction in New York. Frightening.
**4.20pm** S Club 7 on MTV: better than Shed Seven, I suppose.
**5pm** Another Stephen Lawrence detective resigns.
**6.05pm** Manics looking fat on "TFI Friday". For the 217th time this series.
**7.30pm** Squawking foetus Gail Porter presenting "Top Of The Pops".
**8.06pm** Lebanese and Israeli armies still blowing things up.
**9pm** Man in US stabs wife 44 times. Claims he was "sleepwalking". No one believes him. Gets banged up.

**Saturday**
**12pm** Rupert Murdoch married on yacht.
**4pm** Scientists label intelligent potato "sinister and dangerous".
**7pm** Wales beat South Africa 29-19 at rugby. Maybe the Manics will be cheery. Then again. . .
**8.45pm** At Wimbledon, veteran ginger German bloke "bonkin'" Boris Becker wins. Former champ Richard Krajicek loses to somebody not even he's heard of.
**10pm** More hot Clapton news: "God admits to wife-beating".
**11pm** Chris Evans has received telephone death threats. Police wish to speak to everyone in country except Gazza, the Manics and Texas' Sharlene Spiteri.

**Sunday**
**2.10am** Nigel Kennedy in Belgrade: haven't these people suffered enough?
**12pm** Weather crappy. More murders in Kosovo.
**7pm** ATB enters the charts at Number One.

PAUL WHITELAW

**THIS GLASTONBURY 1999 REVIEW WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY. . .**
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